SOLD OUT

NUMBER EIGHT

NO FOR AN ANSWER
CRO-MAGS
FIRE PARTY
WHITE ZOMBIE
BIM SKALA BIM

HUNGRY?

FOR MUSIC SO TASTY IT LEAVES
YOU CRAVING FOR MORE ?

STARVED?

FOR SOMETHING NEW AND EXCITING
THAT WON'T PUT YOUR GERBILS
TO SLEEP ?

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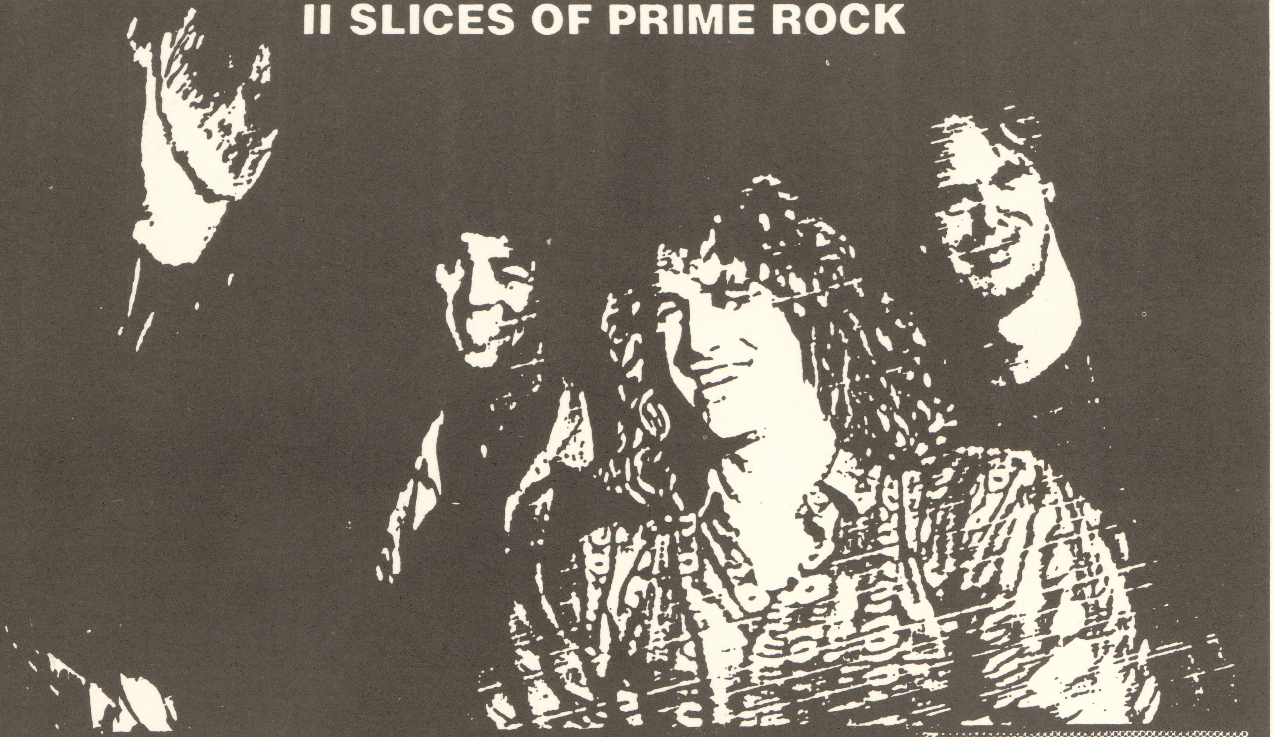
II SLICES OF PRIME ROCK



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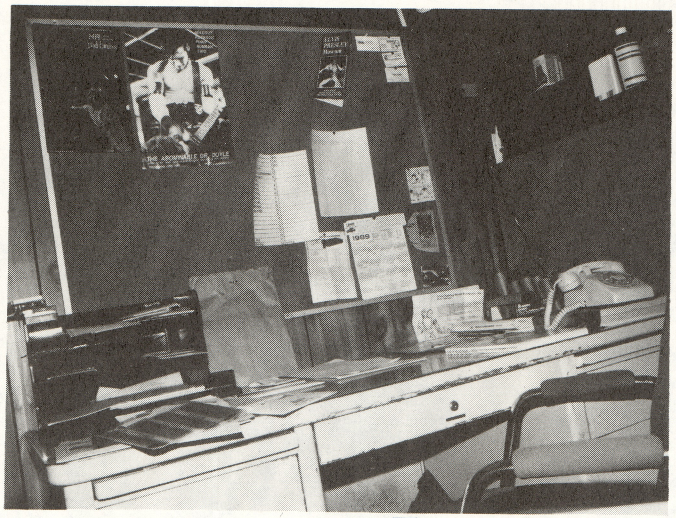
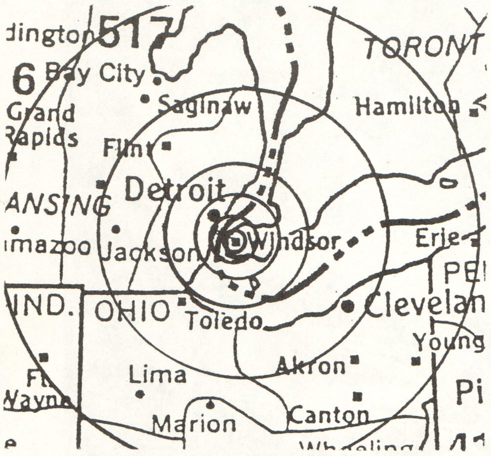
NOT A HYPE SHEET

Welcome to yet another exercise in idiocy and futility. Welcome to yet another installment in the unending series of slanderous juvenile scandal-sheets. Welcome to SoldOut number eight.


The eye of the storm

Let us begin by apologizing for our tardiness (this time we're only four weeks behind as opposed to last issue's six) and extending our regards to those that helped make this possible. They are: Sean Holowaychuk, Stefan, Clyde Appleby, Mikey, Greg Lewis, Frank Castle, Trent, the gang down at the Regal Beagle, Janet at Caroline Records, Bobbi Flekman at Polymer Records, Martin Sprouse at Maximum Rock'n'Roll, Fred at Profile Records, Warren Coolidge, the Dischord people, Rollo Lawson (naturally), Billy Rubin, the folks, siblings, pals, bands, stores, advertisers, distributors, and readers. No corn here, but you help make it a reality. Thank you.



Continuing, reaction to previous efforts has been generally encouraging and uplifting, save for a few ruthlessly negative, albeit highly inspiring interpretations. Surprisingly, some people take offence to typeset text, advertisements, two-colour covers, and (believe it or not) 'Celebrity RockGod Pinups'. Good. According to the hopelessly backward, it is criminal and blasphemous to 'hardcore' to produce a palatable package, particularly one costing less than bus or subway fare. Thanks for the acknowledgements. It beats indifference.

On a similar note, someone pointed out that SellOut has next to nothing of political concern or of socially-redeeming value. Truthfully speaking, politics are not a primary interest here. This is not a pedestal for pontification. This is not a forum for uniperspectival self-righteousness. This is nothing more than a documentation of what is going down. This is little more than an appreciation of the aesthetic end of the effort. We'll let them—the band, artist, or personality—speak, so that you can decide whether they're doubletalking or coming clean with some degree of worthiness. Too many good words are sadly spent and pass unnoticed, while too many untruths go unchallenged, and too many suckers end up supporting too many fuckers (!). You decide.

Until next time, dig it man and watch where you step. As they say, "Live the life."-- Editor

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"The one with the healthy Sam Fox fascination"

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Cover Photo- Chris McNamara

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Next Issue

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Mephisto's own
Laughing Hyenas
Beantown's
Wrecking Crew
The Rotten Apple's
Sick of it All
and more

Out January 1990

LETTER(S)

SoldOut,

In response to Stefan's "Hefty" (in issue number six), I too remember the "good ole' days." I try not to give into the "mindless consumerism" of places like Blondie's and St. Andrew's, however I wonder where the hell are we supposed to go to see a show and spend our money? I am well aware of the lack of anything resembling a scene in the Detroit/ Windsor area, but after sitting home or going to the Detroit Institute of Arts for flicks too many times, where can we go see bands without giving in to sky high door prices?

What is the alternative to places like Blondie's or St. Andrew's? I don't know about you, but I rather go to a show than simply be a couch potato.

Dennis A. Zaluski
(over)

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	U.S.A.	Canada	OverSea	OverAir
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(continued from previous page)

Dennis,

As much as I'd hate to admit it, you're right. We are backed into a very sick catch-22, but it's not that people haven't been trying to break the cycle. SoldOut has put on many shows in the past, and would do more if it wasn't for the lack of a space and funding. The Graystone tried to reopen for awhile, but legal hassles and opposition from neighbors kept that down. The problem seems to be that too many people are afraid of saying, "Fuck you!" to places like Blondies because they are unfortunately the only game in town. People are simply too concerned with being entertained to really give a shit. Hey, all it takes to do a show is some time, a little money, and a lot of patience. If anyone is interested, check out the final issue of Leading Edge fanzine. In it, Joy Akoi of L.A.'s 12XU Productions gave a nice overview of what it takes to do a show. If you can't get your hands on it, write in and I'll send you a Xerox. If anything is going to change, we have to get off our collective asses and change it. In conclusion, I leave you with some words of wisdom from SSD's "X-Claim": "You gotta do it yourself/If you wanna do it right/ Not at clubs that sell drink/Till 4 in the night".

Stefan

MIDDLE CLASS HERO

Editors Note- Strictly his opinion

I am middle class. I can say that because I have no pretenses about it. Why should I pretend to be a 'working class warrior' or a 'child of the streets' when I am not. Let's get to the point. Quite simply, the middle class is getting screwed.

Before I start on my diatribe, let's get one thing straight—the U.S. is not structured along the traditional working class/bourgeoisie lines. Before all you socialists and unionists get uptight, allow me to explain. The United States is a society structured upon social mobility. Therefore, it is not a matter of what you do as it is of what you make. So essentially, you can have a factory worker, an engineer, a nurse, and a teacher making roughly the same amount of money. Regardless of their occupations, they would all be classified as 'middle class'. With the decline of traditional heavy industry, the advent of robotics and other high technology, and the rise of the service-oriented economy, the importance of classless distinctions along occupational lines has diminished. Therefore, we have the middle class.

Going back to the point I made earlier, the middle class is getting shafted big time. It all comes down to a single common denominator—money. I'm referring specifically to taxes. The poor can't pay them, the rich don't want to pay them, so the middle class gets the bill. The middle class has paid for every major government program. It's almost like buying the cake and not being able to eat it. The poor benefit from much needed programs like welfare, Headstart, free lunches, etc., and the rich benefit because we put money into their pockets (just think of HUD or the Stealth B-2 bomber). All I'm asking for is a little consideration for us.

It's funny. I've never really been a major crusader for the middle class, but certain events propel you into certain trains of thought. The event in my case was the burden of tuition. Again and again I've applied for financial aid, and over and over I've been rejected. The simple reason is that my father makes "too much money." That's funny. Why would I need aid if my father was making too much? It's times like these that get me hot. I want to go to school, but the tuition keeps going up, financial aid says "no", and I can't save enough (I only make $4.00 an hour). It's times like these that make the ugly side of me, the side I hate, come out. I'll bet that a lot of you also feel this way. I see jocks get free rides because they can throw a football, minorities getting special consideration (no intention to sound racial), and snotty morons from affluent neighborhoods bragging about how their folks paid for school or how rich idiots get free money based on scholarship (Hey, it's easy to keep up a 4.0 when you don't have to bust your ass thirty-six hours a week at some shitty job). I see all this and get pissed off. How about some consideration for the middle class people that are too rich for help and too poor for contempt.

What's the solution? Make the rich pay. I have no argument against taxes. I would just like to see them properly distributed and provide some real benefits for the middle class, like socialized medicine and free universities. There are other things we can do, namely nationalizing certain industries and stuffing profits into the national coffer, not the rich man's pocket. For starters, the rich should pay their fair share.

The way this country seems to be going, redistribution is a pipe dream. Until real tax reforms take place, the middle class is truly caught in the middle.

Some additional thoughts

- Okay, some of you are calling me an ass for calling MDC a dismal band. First off, I'm entitled to my opinion. Secondly, if they aren't dismal, then listen to NA, Minor Threat, Discharge, Four Skins, Bad Brains, and MDC all in one sitting, side by side. All of these bands/ records came out in the same era. Compared to the others, MDC plain and simply sound bad. Sure they've got good sentiments to express, but when a band sucks, they suck. Lastly, any band that shows up to a gig drunk, high, and in the case of Al Schvitz, totally lacking any and all speech skills, doesn't earn my respect. That should be left for afterwards.

(continued at the end of reviews)

CRO-MAGS

New York City's controversial Cro-Mags are (were?) the definitive contemporary 'hardcore' outfit. Formed in the early Eighties, with two longplays (1987's The Age of Quarrel and the recent Best Wishes) and a number of tours to their credit, they've attracted an immense, although largely mindless following. Perhaps their past 'skinhead' kick is to blame. Perhaps the 'Krishna consciousness' is somehow at fault. Or maybe the good music is at guilt. Nonetheless, their reputation is well earned.

Following some major personnel shifts, the line-up currently consists of Harley Flanagan on bass/vocals, drummer Pete Hines (from Murphy's Law), and both Parris Mitchell Mayhew and Doug Holland (of Kraut fame) on guitars.

The following discussion with the outspoken Harley Flanagan took place not too long ago on a bright Chicago Sunday. Surprisingly easygoing and lighthearted, he offers some frank, intelligent, and credible, however questionable insight.

Interview by Otto and Mike

Photo- Otto

SoldOut- To what extent would you relate to the current hardcore scene?

Harley- I've been around the hardcore scene ever since it began, even back with the punk rock scene in '77, and not necessarily willingly or forcing myself upon it. I can't say I'm as active as I used to be. My concerns are more with my music and with my life, and not so much with "what group of people are wearing what type of clothes this month," which is what it pretty much amounts to these days.

SoldOut- And the band?

Harley- I still consider our music 'hardcore', but I don't consider most hardcore bands 'hardcore'. To me, 'hardcore' means hard, and there's not very many bands that live up to what I would consider being a 'hard' band.

SoldOut- In what sense?

Harley- Musically. I also appreciate a very aggressive performer. Nowadays, bands just figure that, "We're a hardcore band, so we don't have to try to sound any better than we do. We can just try to sound like Negative Approach, or Minor Threat, or the Bad Brains." I've never tried to sound like anybody, and that is why the Cro-Mags are different from all these other bands. That is what sets us apart. We don't try to fit in with what's cool, we just do what we do and that's why we attract so many different types of people.

SoldOut- Why would one usually find the Cro-Mags sharing bills with the likes of Lizzy Borden, Hades, Destruction, and other equally lame heavy metal acts?

Harley- It works out good for us that way, because those bands usually bring out another crowd, but at the same time it's not a crowd that wouldn't like us. It works out fine. I could really care less about what the length of someone's hair is, because if they're into the music and if they're going to come out to the show, then great. It's not really us that do the booking. Yeah, we do play with a lot of metal bands, but it's fun. I like blowing away metal bands, it makes hardcore look better. It gives everybody else a chance. Whoever thought we'd see the day when metal bands open up for hardcore bands. I'm proud of that.

"I like blowing away metal bands, it makes hardcore look better."

SoldOut- Why the LP title change, from the original Near Death Experience to Best Wishes?

Harley- Actually, "Near Death Experience" is a song on our next release. We changed the name because I felt Best Wishes was better.

SoldOut- And its meaning?

Harley- It's about just that, really. Because of my background and cynical mentality, you might just not understand exactly what I mean. It's called Best Wishes, but then there's this picture of a half man/lion tearing this guy apart, and people are like, "Huh?!?" But I do mean it. I do wish everybody my best. That's why I play music. Even with all of the idiots, I wish them the best too because they're going to need it more than anybody, otherwise they'll get crushed. It makes sense.

SoldOut- Did the change have anything to do with John Joseph's departure?

Harley- No. It wasn't really even a set title, it was just an idea. We were throwing a few ideas around.

SoldOut- Why did he leave?

Harley- He left because he didn't like the way things were going with our management and record company. He felt that he was getting robbed, which he was and which we are, but he decided he didn't want to deal with it anymore, so he left. He said he wanted to do something on his own and asked me if I'd join him. You know, John was not the first singer we've ever had. I started the band myself in 1981, just getting different people together. Now we've just started to see what we want to do musically. As far as ideas go, I'm not going to get into them because people aren't ready for them yet. With both music and presentation, I've got a lot of ideas.

SoldOut- What about the Krishna?

Harley- I try...I'm not even going to say I try to be, I believe in God and I try to practice Krishna consciousness. In regards to religion, of all the different people I've met in my life, I've found that the Hare Krishna devotees are the most sincere and most knowledgeable of what they are doing. I've always felt that there was a higher consciousness that I could achieve if I tried, and I always knew that there was a strength beyond our imagination that was guiding me and protecting me throughout my life because I've seen ups and downs. I didn't get involved with the movement up until almost seven years ago. At first I never really meant to, because I was just going and eating at their kitchens because I was a vegetarian, and at that point I was learning to take care of myself because I was living on the streets and it was really hard. Besides being really great cooks, they've got some really interesting ideas. What impressed me more than their ideas was how they had their whole lifestyle together and arranged, and how everything was dealt with such harmony. That really impressed me because when I was young, I helped establish this whole 'skinhead army' mentality that all of these other people eventually latched on to because they had no identity of their own. I was fascinated with movements because I used to have a gang on the Lower East Side before 'skinhead' became popular. Everybody looked up to me, and I started to get into the philosophy. I began reading more and got into the role of leader. It wasn't something I really wanted. It was sort of pushed on me because I was the only survivor of 1977 that still hung out. There isn't anybody left from those days. I know of maybe one or two people that still listen to this kind of music. I was really impressed with how together they had their whole situation. It took a long period of time for me to realize why it really made sense, and it was because they had a good understanding of the big picture. Eventually I got more and more into it. I can't say that I really identify myself with Iskcon as much as I do with Prabhupada. Prabhupada established the movement, but since he left the planet there's been a lot of turmoil and a lot of stupid shit has gone on. A lot of crazy things happen, not everywhere, but they shouldn't happen. There's a cause that's more worthy than what we're dealing with on a mundane level of day-to-day life. I also don't like to come off as some kind of preacher because these are just my own personal views and they are what inspire me to do what I do. I don't ever really try to cram anything down anybody's throat because that's not what I'm about. People ask me what I'm dealing with, and I'll explain how I feel, and so on and so forth. People take me as some sort of preacher because I say what I believe in, but I don't claim to be any kind of saint. I don't follow all the...I mean, I try to follow all the teachings of Prabhupada, but I've got problems like everybody else does. People come up to me and say, "Yeah, I'm straight-edge." And I'll go, "Do you drink caffeine? Do you drink Coca-Cola? Do you eat meat? Don't give me that shit, you ain't straight-edge. Ian MacKaye is a strict vegetarian. Don't give me that straight-edge stuff when you break out a Pepsi on your way to school. That's caffeine. That's a drug, man. If you're taking Tylenol, Dristan, or caffeine, or if you're jerking off, you ain't straight-edge. Don't give me that shit." I get really sick of people's little elitist type, "I'm this and I'm that. I've got this look and I've got that look." I'm not about that. My relationship with God is personal. You've got these bands that are really gung-ho about their straight-edge, so now it's 'hard edge', and they want to beat up everybody not like them. It's like, "Give me a break."

SoldOut- Vegetarianism as a bandwagon?

Harley- Everybody is jumping on some kind of bandwagon. If someone is inspired to give up eating meat because of me or because of anything I've ever said, then that's great. Whether or not someone is a 'poser' is none of my business. If they're doing something that they feel within themselves is the right thing to be doing, then who am I to throw the first stone? Everybody is jumping on a fucking bandwagon. Look around. Let's get down to business. You want to talk about what hardcore is all about? You want to talk about what punk rock and all this shit is about? Let's get down to the facts. We're talking about a movement of people that are against what society has forced upon them. So, how do you rebel against this? You go to school, you live in your mother's house, you get a funny haircut, you do this and that, and you keep eating their hamburgers that they murder billions of animals for. You support the system by drinking their alcohol, drinking their Pepsi, putting tokens in the fare, and doing this and that. I don't want to hear this shit. If people are really rebel-

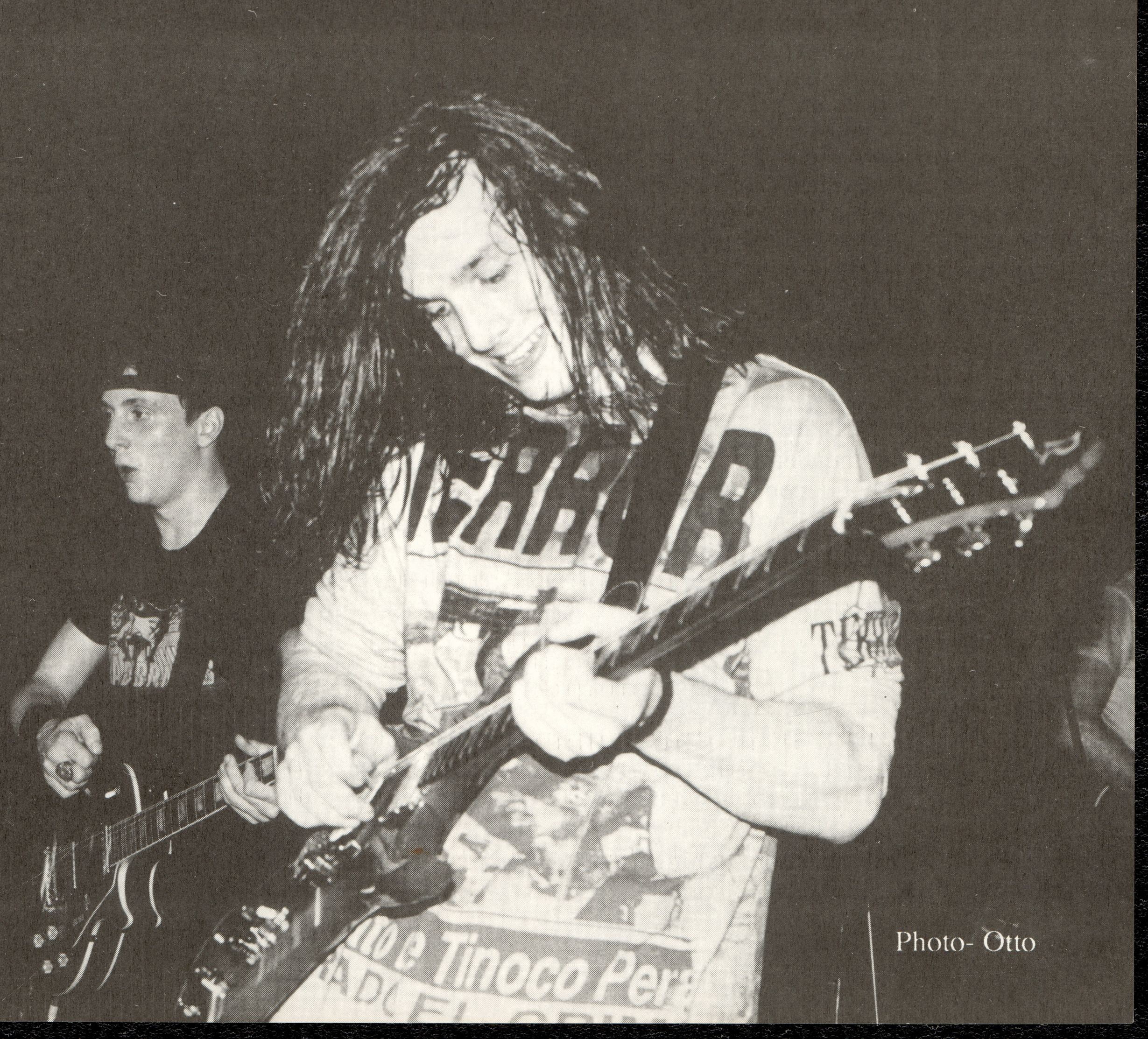


Photo- Otto

lious, they will understand first of all that the government is feeding us poison, slowing our mentality down. They're advertising everywhere with sex, because they know that sex appeals to people. So, they're forcing cigarettes, alcohol, and this and that upon us through natural instincts. Who are the real rebels? The people that just think, "Oh, I'm so cool because I can screw all of these girls. I'm a rockstar. I'll screw until my dick falls off because I've got some fucking jammy disease."? What makes you cool? The fact that you can drink so much beer and take more drugs than anybody else? What makes you cool? The fact that you're going along and eating these dead animals that are rotting inside your intestines and that you can't even shit out for weeks? Red meat is a poison. You ask any real doctor and they'll tell you the same. I'll take it further than that— I won't eat any meat. Who is the real rebel, somebody that dresses up funny and just plays along with the fucking games, or someone that cuts off those bullshit games and understands what society is conditioning us to do and think? Just because you've been fed Gerber baby food turkey dinners ever since you were three years old, does that make it right to kill the animals? No, you just never thought about it. Just because you see your mother and father drinking wine after dinner, does that make you think it's okay to get drunk until you're hunched over, puking your brains out? The real rebels are the people that accept God as their leader. Those are the people that accept spiritual life over material life. Those are the people that stop wearing little images and stop trying to be a part of something to make themselves feel better about themselves, like, "I want to be a tough bad guy, so I'll be a skinhead," or, "I'm not into that. I'm more peaceful, so I'll get a mohawk and be a peace punk." People are not being real about what they feel inside, they're not being real about what they're searching for. They're searching for something to identify themselves with. The basis is that everybody is a servant. We're all serving, whether you're serving your boss, your wife, the dog or cat, your mother, father, or whether you're just serving your senses, like your dick or your tongue. You're always serving something. It's obvious that we were meant to serve. We're all running around, banging our heads off the walls looking for something to be a part of. The only people I see in this world that are actually genuinely satisfied and happy with what's going on are the one's that have got some sort of understanding of God consciousness, whether it's some bugged out Buddhist sitting on a mountain, or some lonely monk out in the woods. There are many Christians that are vegetarians and really serious about Christ and what he taught. However, you've got to understand that they teach a religion that was handed to them by people that edited it, butchered it, and tore it apart to satisfy the masses so that they could keep people in check for political and financial reasons. If you go back to the original source from which they took their watered down, degraded, and inbred version of the truth, you'll find a lot of knowledge and credibility to it. We're all given a chance, and we have to take that opportunity to try and commit peace to ourselves. Spiritual knowledge has protected me. However, I am not a sinless person. I can't pretend that I am, but at least I have an understanding that there is a reason for us to use our intelligence for things other than eating, sleeping, mating, and defending. What is the purpose of this life? Am I just here to fit into certain categories, like to "get a family and start working nine-to-five so that I forget what life is about because I'm struggling trying to make ends meet, so I come home at the end of the day and eat dinner and maybe screw my wife if I've got any energy left after working all day," or whatever. When people get older they get stuck in a certain mold, but while we're younger we've got the opportunity to use our brains for something more productive than being simply fashion-conscious, which is what I see hardcore turning into. It's more of a fashion show than anything else. Back in the days when punk rock was first happening, even when I was a skinhead, when I saw anybody that was a punk or skinhead, I'd go, "Yeah!", and run up and try to talk to them just because there were so few of us. I thought that with anybody like that, even if we had little in common, we could at least identify with the same music. But now it's like, "I'm a this. I'm a that. I'm better than you. You're a sucker, I'm not." I think it's all a bunch of crap. Where were these people even two or three years ago? That's why people get upset about my beliefs and all. I'm very opin-

> "Who is the real rebel, somebody that dresses up funny and just plays along with the fucking games, or someone that cuts off those bullshit games and understands what society is conditioning us to do and think?"

ionated, but at least I've got some kind of beliefs. I don't care if I, or this band, is accepted by the masses. We could care less. It just so happens that a lot of people like us just because of the music. We put out the energy and everybody responds. However, I don't care about expressing my feelings to a bunch of idiots. People are too caught up in an image to admit that there are any real feelings in their heart, and that's their own false ego. For a while I was going to give up playing music just because I felt it was starting to get to my head too much, having all of these people looking up to me like I was some kind of god, practically. It was starting to kind of bug me out because I felt I was becoming too accustomed to this and would lose touch with what was really going on. I realized the fact that I've been playing music on stage since I was seven years old, without training, and that this was a gift, and if I was to take this gift and throw it away, it would be an offence to the person that gave it to me. So rather than denying myself of the pleasure and satisfaction I get from playing music, which is a wonderful thing to do...and to do anything creative is wonderful, and people should appreciate that it's a gift and not think that it's just so 'cool'. Because of this, it gives me the need and inspiration to keep doing it, and it also gives me a real perspective to why I'm doing it and it doesn't let me fall into this trap of being a 'rockstar'. It doesn't matter, but we're not really even making any money yet. We'll make money soon. But as far as I am concerned, that is not what 'selling out' is. 'Selling out' is when you start compromising what you feel to fit in with what people want to see and hear. If I was to say, "I'm not a Hare Krishna. I don't believe in God," just because of the bad press it gives me, then I'd be selling out. As long as I keep playing music that I like to play, and keep saying things I like to say, then it's the audience that is selling out if they're compromising themselves for us.

SoldOut- But being realistic, doesn't working for Profile Records, fueling up the band RV, or wearing Adidas contribute to the 'machine'?

Harley- I am part of the machine, but I can also control my part. If you're a plumber, you're still working for your boss, but you have to do what you have to do to survive. But what you choose to partake in matters, as far as whether your money is going out to support murder, or

"Hey A.C., the Helsinki Formula does work after all!" Photo- Mikey whether you are participating in the consumption of murder, or whether you have a hand in it. That is a totally different thing than putting out music that is speaking out about things. Forget about speaking out about things, putting out music and having it distributed goes hand in hand. You can't do it on your own. I'm doing what I do. I'm a musician, but it's also my job. I just happen to be a fortunate person because I like my job. It's not like I'm selling out, I'm just doing my job. Most people can't say that. Most people hate their jobs. What can I say but, "Ha ha ha!" You can live outside the system, but within the system you don't necessarily have to partake in the corruption. The beginning of being able to say you have any kind of control is when you decide and have the control to say, "I'm not going to just eat this because it tastes good, but because I know it's actually bad for me." When you start having the suss to say, "I'm not going to put this in my body because it doesn't belong in there," then you can start planning what you want to do. If you can't even control what you put in your fucking mouth, what can you control? It's a hard thing. The tongue is the hardest thing to control, but it's the most important thing to control because if you don't you can get yourself in some trouble.

SoldOut- With both eating and talking.

Harley- Yeah, that's right.

SoldOut- Why did Pete Hines leave Murphy's Law for the Cro-Mags?

Harley- Because he wanted to be in a real band. He wanted to play in a band that makes him work hard. He was tired of being in a joke band, and even Murphy's Law will admit that they're "just a fun band."

SoldOut- How are the Cro-Mags different since John Joseph's departure?

Harley- The live show is totally different. With the old show, from the second the song would start to the second it would end, it would be total uncontrollable chaos. It was an uncontrollable explosion from one song to the next. It would just be us unplugging one another, knocking each other out of tune, and chasing each other around the stage like madmen. Now it's more like a unit, like four mercenaries that know their job and go in and do it clean. Before it was just like a bunch of barbarians going berserk. Now we go in and do our job, and do it right. It's a different show. To me, I think it's more professional now, but some people don't like that. Someday they'll grow out of their matinees and stuff. Being a musician, I tend to appreciate professionalism more than just, "Waaah! Have fun!". Since John left the band I've seen about twenty or thirty shows with bands that tried so hard to put on the kind of show that we used to do. They were dressing like us and jumping like they had ants in their pants. I was cracking up because all of the singers were attempting to sound like John, and attempting to move like him. First of all, he was a great frontman but I never thought that he was such a great vocalist that anybody would want to try to sound like him. When I see so many people trying to imitate him, I just realize to myself that I'm going to sing the old and new songs my way, because I don't follow in anybody's footsteps. I wear my own shoes, I walk my own miles. I don't wear anybody else's shoes because I don't have to. Inspiration is one thing, imitation is another.

SoldOut- Song meanings—"Down But Not Out"?

Harley- They can keep you down, but until you compromise your integrity and truth, then you're not yet history. Until you start to live up to the bogus standards that society makes you accept...you know, I see so many people in my neighborhood with all their thick gold chains and fresh Adidas, and this and that, and they're down on the corner selling coke and crack. I feel that they're the real losers, because when you go down to the level of destroying humanity just for the sake of your gold or bogus standard of living, that's lame. I find those gold chains to be the same as the slave chains that kept people in bondage in the past, because they're living up to the expectations of other people. They're really just keeping themselves down. What I'm really trying to say is that rather than trying to live up to some false, materialistic standards, you don't have to do that as long as you've got your self-respect. You can only oppress yourself.

SoldOut- "Crush the Demoniac"?

Harley- I'm talking about the demoniac leaders that are really not in it for the good of anybody but themselves, and they're the real demons. The same people that are exporting weapons to other countries are importing cocaine, and the miserable thing is that those are the people controlling our country, society, and system. I'm not so much after wiping out all the petty little dealers on the street because they're not really the evil. They're just part of the system, and they've just fallen into it in their own little pathetic way. They're pathetic, but the real demons are the ones that are just sitting in their penthouses while all these little idiots run around and do the dirty work. Those are the ones we've got to recognize and smash.

SoldOut- "Fugitive"?

Harley- "Fugitive" is about trying to come to terms with yourself, and knowing what you feel is right and trying to live up to that standard. It's dealing with the point in time of turning away from what you know is true because you're scared to face it. It's like an ostrich that buries it's head in the sand whenever it gets scared, instead of dealing with reality and making it to the next level.

SoldOut- Did the Cro-Mags actually do a supposed European tour with Black Sabbath?

Harley- We went to Europe and were supposed to do some shows with them, but they never showed up. So, we ended up doing hour-long shows when we were only supposed to do a twenty minute set in front of six or eight thousand people.

SoldOut- Agnostic Front?

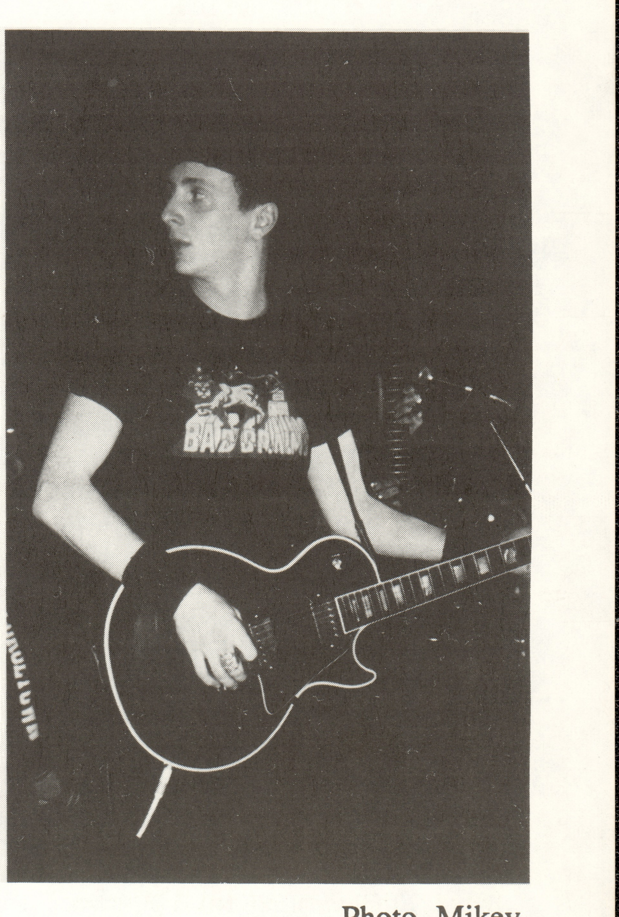
Harley- They're okay. They try to take credit for things that they didn't start. Everyone in New York does that. They've all been around for a short amount of time, even the ones that claim they've been around forever. I've seen them come, I've seen them appear on the scene, and I've seen them go. One thing I'll tell you is that it's really easy to get attention there. All you've got to do is hang around long enough for all the old-timers to disappear, and then you can pretend you've been around forever. That's what most of the bands and people do in New York.

SoldOut- What about your solo project?

Harley- I did a solo recording on a twenty-four track when I was fifteen, and it was going to be released but I had problems with the company because they didn't want to put the cover out. It had a picture of me looking rather militant in my old skinhead days, and they felt it was a bit too strong, so I said, "Fuck you." I guess I'm not mad I didn't do it because I will do something like that again one day because I had a good time doing it. I'm a better musician now and I know how to play all of the instruments a lot better.

SoldOut- Would it still be a proper representation of yourself?

Harley- Well, at the time it would have been because that's what I was into. I look at my past as my past. I've done more horrible things than everybody I know probably put together. It's no big deal. It's what makes me what I am. I do what I've got to do, and I've done what I've done to whoever I have done it to. Without that I wouldn't have the knowledge to think in the terms that I think of now. For better or worse, whatever I've done in my past has come to shape me into the monster I am now.



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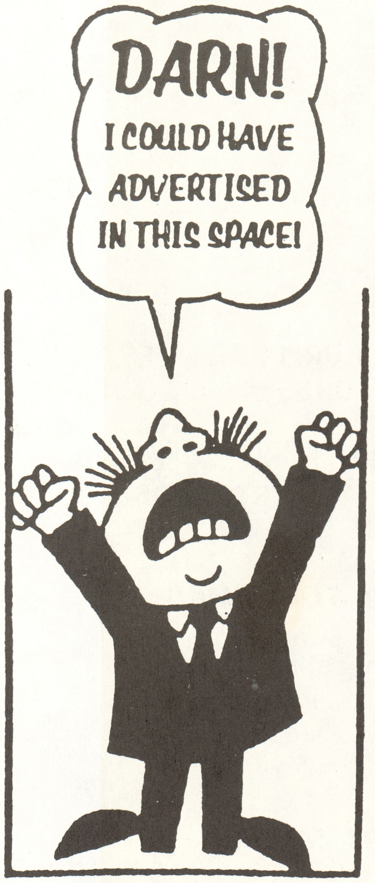
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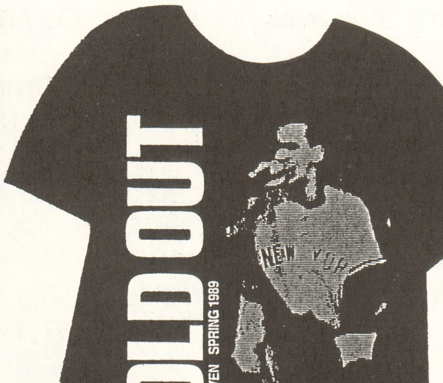
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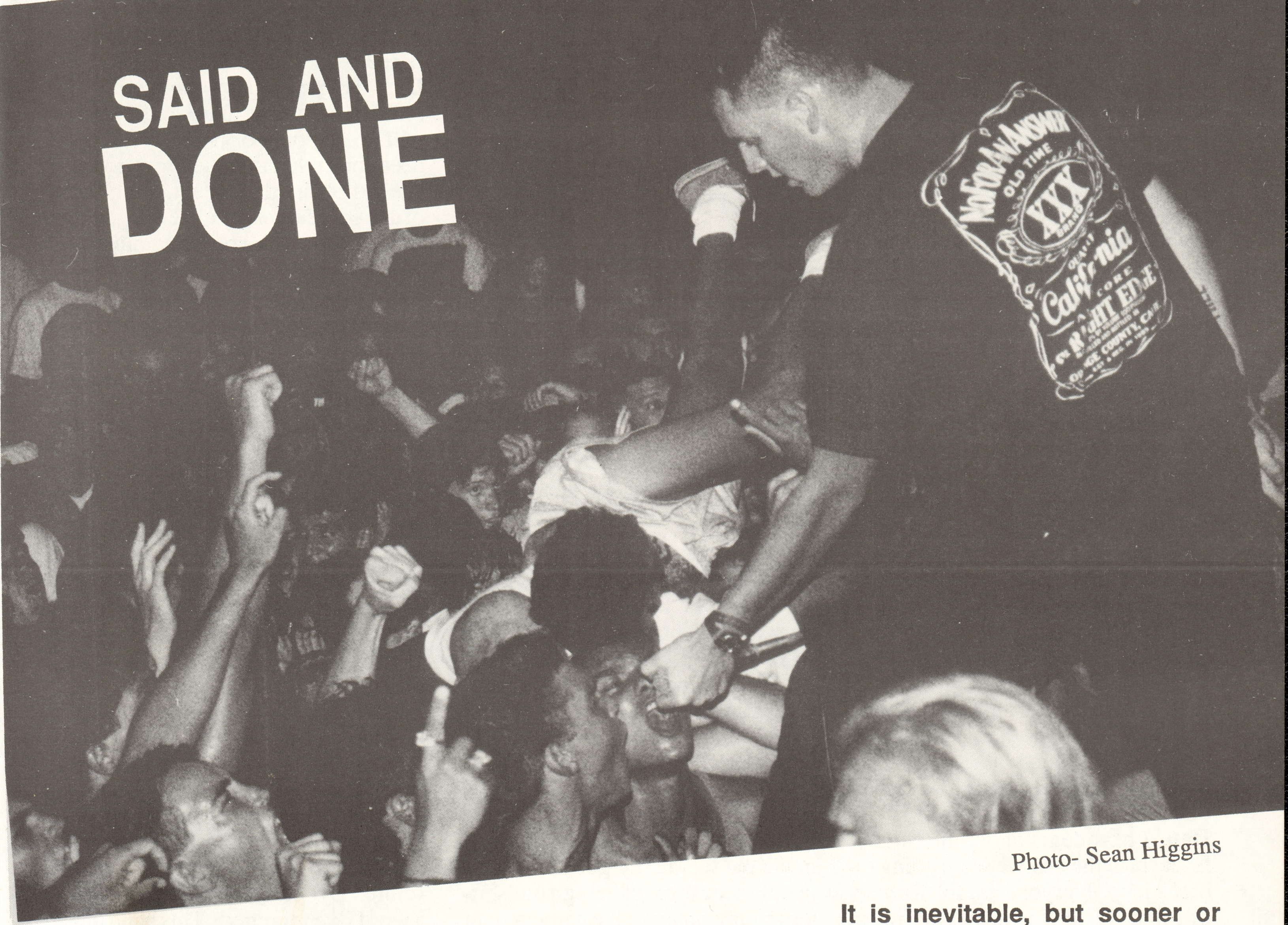


Photo- Sean Higgins

It is inevitable, but sooner or later all good things must come to an end. This was the ugly reality that Dan O'Mahony (vocals), Gavin Oglesby (guitar), Sterling Wilson (bass), and Chris Bratton (drums)—collectively known as No For An Answer—had to face. On July 14, 1989, No For An Answer called it a day. At face value, this deals the hardcore scene, and in particular the straight-edge scene, a crippling blow. No For An Answer were one of the most sincere, commited, and original 'edge' acts. The intelligence demonstrated by No For An Answer set them miles apart from the tired, overly moralistic babble of most straight-edge outfits. But as Dan promised us, this was not an end but a beginning. Dan and Gavin are continuing with Carrie Nation, Sterling is slapping the four-string for Inside Out, and Chris is beating the skins for Orange County's 'youth crew all stars' Chain of Strength. Although No For An Answer are dead and buried, their music lives through their You Laugh EP (Revelation Records) and the excellant A Thought Crusade LP (Hawker Records).

Also present at the interview was Billy Rubin of Half Off/Haywire/New Beginning Records-fame and Detroiter Sean Higgins. Interview conducted by Stefan C.

SoldOut- You've gained considerable recognition, are one of Hawker's best sellers, and have been heralded as one of the next big hardcore bands. Why break it up now?

Dan- You can't fake it and you can't make people believe in something that is not there. The belief may be there, but if the union between the four members is not, then you are not a band. A band suggests bonding. There is no bonding here. People who are friends start to resent each other for musical reasons and approach. It was just killing everyone to be there and not have it anymore. And like I said during the show, "If something is dead you bury it or it will begin to reek."

Gavin- We've been doing it for so long, and it's discouraging to know that we've gone through an excess of eight or nine members. Other things come up and take precedence over the band. It's hard for me to look forward to anything when I can tell people aren't into it or place other things ahead of it.

SoldOut- Do you have any regrets about the break up?

Gavin- I'm going to miss it. Two years is a pretty big chunk of your life. For a while there we did it pretty intensely. I think we had a powerful message and I wish we could have gotten it across to more people, but I guess it didn't work out this time.

Dan- I have fears about the future. Ever since the day we were going to break it up, everyone has felt a sense of relief. The fear of having it go ugly on us is gone. I have a lot of fears about the future. Gavin and I have a band called Carrie Nation, but due to other member's involvement in other projects it may limit what we can do. I certainly couldn't stand to fade into anonymity at this point. I've learned so much on how to affect people that I can't turn my back now.

SoldOut- Any feelings on your last show?

Gavin- I think it was one of the better shows we've had in a while. We went off on a high note.

Dan- I feel that tonight, more than ever, they responded to the nature of the actions rather than to the intensity. There are no Olympic athletes on that stage, but somehow we were still able to inspire a shout, a heavy dance, or some show of visual support based purely on it's moral merits. It was an encouraging way to go out. During the opening act I was fighting back tears. I was frightened, but then I got up there and saw all those people and it just died. It made me feel really good. A lot of people accuse me of being a bullshitter or playing up to the camera, b ut I think I'm just corny by nature.

> "It may be big now, but I'll bet that No For An Answer will serve as nothing but a blueprint for greater achievements on the part of every single member."

SoldOut- High points?

Dan- When we finalized the lineup, finished the second half of the album, and were finally playing well. It was great. After losing John Mastropaolo, who was a good friend and an outstanding musician, and just having him fall away to the dark side of the force (?- ed), we didn't know if we could keep going. The fact that we did was just wonderful.

Gavin- One of the things that is important to me is that we have gotten the respect of a lot of people we respected. That means a lot. I really like the bond I've developed with Dan and the other guys, it's brought us a lot closer. That means a lot to me.

SoldOut- Is there anything that you didn't accomplish with No For An Answer that you'd wished otherwise?

Dan- Touring is important, but I'm sure anybody here that wants to do it will do it sooner or later. We don't need each other to achieve our goals. We're not interdependent. Each one of us can create and realize our goals, so the band wasn't really a failure. I would like to have toured.

SoldOut- With your new projects, what are you not going to do that No For An Answer did?

Dan- Play No For An Answer songs.

SoldOut- Other than that.

Dan- I know, I was just trying to buy time.

Gavin- I think we sort of branched out into something we weren't that adept at playing. That made it difficult.

Dan- We are, at least Gavin and I...and here's some sickening New York talk, 'old stylee thrash school'. I mean, he and I are the best at playing '1-2-1-2-1-2-1'. We are much better at that than we are with anything else. I think when we started Carrie Nation we realized that. There is nothing better than a 1/1 beat. It's glorious. It's so much more promising. It looks like there is going to be more thrash in the future. Lyrically, there hasn't been a word I've regretted. This band has taught me what I can do. It may be big now, but I'll bet that No For An Answer will serve as nothing but a blueprint for greater achievements on the part of every single member.

SoldOut- Did you have to deal with any "sell out!" slags when you signed with Hawker?

Sterling- Personally, I've never heard such criticism.

Dan- I received a letter from the Netherlands that claimed we'd sold out. He said he could never hear us play "About Face" again and not think of us as hypocrites. That is a man that is drowning in shit. "About Face" is about a reversal of commitments. It's about one day saying that I could care less about getting paid, and the next day saying that I'm only here for the money. If fact, to even suggest something like that is very insulting. I've never written him back.

SoldOut- How has it been with Hawker?

Gavin- We got an outstanding deal from Hawker. As far as I know, they haven't infringed on our creative process at all. The only thing we had to give up was European merchandising. We could have done a lot worse.

Dan- That was really a crippling blow.

Gavin- It was hard to go on after that.

Dan- Some of the other Hawker bands don't seem too pleased with their treatment. We've been treated like kings. They have given me faith that people in any social position can still do the right thing. They are supposedly a corporation and thereby motivated by profit? They could have gotten any band, told them what to do, and have crafted them into the most popular image on the hardcore scene. They could have made a lot more money instead of risking it on us. We had a contract that guaranteed total artistic freedom. We wouldn't let them put in a decency clause. We wouldn't let them do anything like that. We could have put a nude woman bleeding on the cover with "suck cock for the devil" tattooed across her chest.

Photo- Sean Higgins

Sterling- Why didn't we?

Dan- It was a tough picture to take. We couldn't find anybody to do it.

Gavin- Sterling's mom wouldn't pose. (laughter)

SoldOut- Simple question, but is No For An Answer a straight-edge band?

Dan- Yes.

SoldOut- Meaning?

Dan- Many things.

SoldOut- It's understood that you've got a slightly different perspective as opposed to most bands of that sort.

Dan- Definitely. It's an ideal that focuses on self-betterment, and each person has their own idea of what self-betterment entails. Also, nobody can deny the fact that for years and years the one thing that has been universal about it is the statement against drug abuse. That's the only thing we've clung steadily to. There are some things that some members believe in and others don't, but we all believe in the one thing and that is the crux of the matter.

Chris- And vegetarianism has nothing to do with straight-edge.

Dan- Some of us are, some of us aren't. We tend not to talk about it. Vegetarianism is not an issue approached by the band, neither is, like, glasnost. That doesn't mean it's not important, but you can only do so much. You might as well do what you agree upon, because that way you can lend a form of powerful support to those ideals.

SoldOut- Dislikes with the 'edge'?

Dan- I really don't want to do this. Straight-edge is a fog term. It's like asking what I don't like about hay. Perhaps I don't like the fact that it's poorly defined and is a difficult issue to get around. I have no problems with abstinence. That's what straight-edge means to me. I always have problems with cliques and fashions. People holding that as their definition of straight-edge should hang high and burn.

SoldOut- What about the Boston "You Smoke You Suck, You Drink You Die" militancy?

Dan- Have you met those people? They're doing it for fun. It's not for real. Nobody is that stupid. I like them, those guys are great.

Billy- Anybody that took them seriously in the beginning was an idiot to start with.

Chris- They get a rise out of scaring everyone. That's why they do it.

Dan- There will always be the weak minded. There are still people today walking around Hollywood with six foot beards screaming that the world is flat. You just don't listen to the blatantly foolish. Those people are doing it for fun. They're doing it for a laugh. Playing with Slapshot was the greatest. It was a blast, and I do believe that's who you were referring to.

SoldOut- Yes. Did the Revelation EP typecast you into the New York "stand hard, etc." vein?

Dan- Yeah, and SoldOut gave us a shitty review that said something like "Nothing too hot or new lyrically." They are blind and ridiculous and will pay with their lives. (watch out Trent- ed) A lot of people did some really stupid and blind things trying to carry on some sort of holy crusade against the label. The only reason we left Revelation was because No For An Answer is No For An Answer. We're not part of the crew. We're not strong and we're not setting things straight.

Billy- But you're still hard as a rock.

Dan- Yeah, hard as a rock. Some of the people I've met through Revelation, like Arthur, Richie, and some others are sources of inspiration. But if you don't want to be part of something, you've got to step out side. It's not that it's not honorable, it's just a bit misguided.

SoldOut- Has "Just Say No" ever been misinterpreted?

Dan- Definitely. But when you play your last show, you want to be like a rock star and hype things up, so you play the crowd pleaser. Actually, you play something you can have fun with. But "Just Say No" was definitely misinterpreted. I couldn't stand the Reagan administration. It's just a song about group identity, including straight-edge cliques. We played it tonight for the fun of it. A lot of people thought "I Spy" was about sitting outside and not getting involved. It's a song about being able to envision a higher degree of compassion.

SoldOut- Did you adopt it as the band motto?

Dan- "I Spy"? I don't know. He made those shirts.

Gavin- It fit nicely into the design. (laughter)

Dan- Every song is important.

Chris- And I always thought that it was an Untouchables cover.

Dan- It was more of an aesthetic choice. There is no song I would hold over any others, except for possibly "You Laugh", "Domino Principle", or "Man Against Man". Those are extremely pressing issues.

SoldOut- How do you feel about No For An Answer being tagged as trendsetters for tackling an issue like child abuse?

Dan- Well, I am a wisdom-made man. No, I'm kidding. I think it's more of a willingness to think for one's self that brought that about. Once one person demonstrates the courage, others will follow. I think that we just opened people up to the chance to do something that was always inside them. I can't get too caught up in the self-importance of that thought, but it is very flattering. I do have to say that, and that's the kind of thing I do hope to inspire in people.

SoldOut- Is there any significance to the title, A Thought Crusade?

Dan- That's actually what the whole thing was— a crusade, a charge, a blast to create an analysis, concern, and observation of that which is around us and to get people involved in formulating their own opinions. That's about as much as there is to it. It's difficult to describe.

SoldOut- "Imperfection" states that it is all only your opinion and for you not to be taken as some sort of leader. True?

Dan- These are my opinions, so don't assume me of being a god. I'm not a saviour. I believe that I'm right in my heart and soul. Well, I shouldn't say my 'soul' because I'm an atheist. I'm not really saying to not consider me a leader. There was a point in time where I was a mere reflection of Pat Dubar (Uniform Choice). But by the freedom of thought demonstrated by other artists across the country and by the conversations I've had with people that I respect, like Martin Sprouse and Tim Yohannon, I've been clued in to my ability to make independent statements. Leaders can get you started. Leaders can help you find yourself. I don't have a problem with leaders, I have a problem with control. People demanding obedience is a sick thing. Now, this was five or six years ago with this Dubar thing. Don't accuse twenty-one year old Dan O'Mahony of having an identity problem with the single eyebrow fellow. We've had a really jaded friendship for years. It has been an on/off situation. You know, I'd say something lovely and the next day we'd be at each other's throats.

Billy- It's all because there's a 7-11 by his house with excellent Slurpees.

Dan- And one day this big, studly punk rocker walked in.

Billy- With one eyebrow and shit man, we were in love.

SoldOut- Political stance?

Dan- I'm undecided, but I am fairly liberal. To me, the biggest problem is government intervention in foreign countries. We live here. This is the only country we have the right to affect until we are attacked. The only kind of violence I've ever hinted at was self-defence, and I'm not even sure if I believe in that. Everything else is motivated by profit. Most wars are economical. I voted for Dukakis.

SoldOut- Any feelings on Spike Lee and Public Enemy?

Dan- Asking that question seems totally irrelevant, but then again we are a socially conscious medium, so we need to discuss the topics of the day. I think Do The Right Thing has an extremely responsible script in that it creates no balance. It demonstrates every human beings' ability to air, even the so-called 'heroes' of the movie, and in the end disappoints us all. It shows a disgusting problem as a disgusting catch-22. If it was not like that, we would have gotten rid of it years ago. Public Enemy, taking a big hint from No For An Answer, announced their break up. We're going to have to talk to them about that. That's just flat out plagiarism— to break up the same month we do. No really, I love Public Enemy. Sure they say some stupid things, but so do I, on stage at least. They're much less important than Do The Right Thing because their appeal is much more selective. (exit Sterling and Chris)

SoldOut- What's the biggest problem with hardcore, 1989?

Dan- A person was killed at one of Half-Off's shows. One death makes you wonder if the whole thing is worth it.

Billy- But they did it for me, or so they say.

Dan- When we played Fenders, there were guns and knives inside the club. It was horrifying. The threat of gang-related territorial violence is the single biggest issue facing hardcore today, at least on the West Coast. Division over the issues is petty. This is basically a public forum where we can argue and bitch, but as soon as we fight we're fools. We're worse than anything going on around us, because we are taking part in the most disgusting act presented to human life.

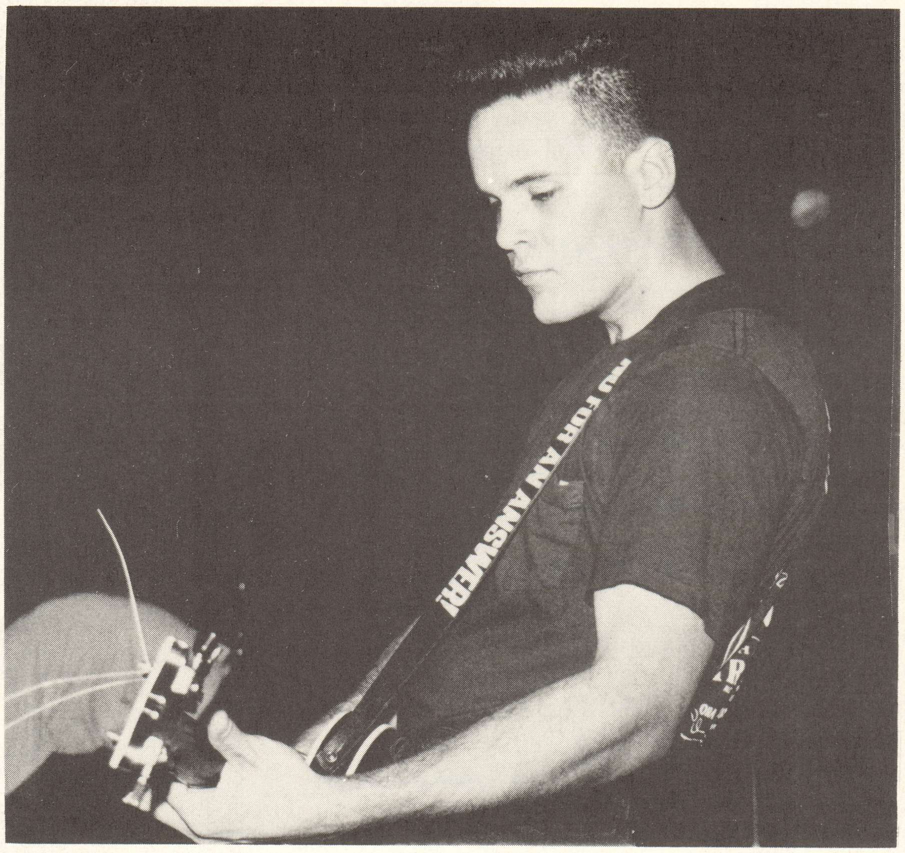


Photo- Sean Higgins

SoldOut- No For An Answer did a number of shows at the Gilman St. warehouse when it was under MRR's management. Any feelings on it?

Dan- It should have stayed closed. It was a great club. The management that is there now has tried and tried, but they don't benefit from the same spiritual inspiration that guided people like Martin, Tim, and Walter. The original management at Gilman was the most efficient, most powerful, most productive, and most inspirational unit ever.

Gavin- It was the best run club I've ever seen— everything from the management to the people running the stage. It had an entirely different atmosphere in comparison to other clubs I've experienced, and probably ever will with the way things have been going.

SoldOut- Thoughts on the future?

Dan- Hopefully new bands and new statements, like Carrie Nation. How does the future look? Do you want a broad philosophical statement? I'm a twenty-one year old leech. I'm living by the same standards I did when I was sixteen. I'm living off my mother. No matter how hard I try to participate in the economy, I clash with the work force and get fired or wind up dismissing myself. That leads me to believe that for some there is a righteous life to be made in the music industry. If you can make a statement public and exist on the freedom of the statement, and if the labels and industry want to get a piece of what you've got and will accept your standards, then I'll say, "Go for it!" I am beginning to think that the only way I'm going to survive is through music.

Gavin- Getting through school right now is my main goal. It's very difficult and takes up a lot of time and energy.

Dan- Can I just add something? We've always made a big deal about extra-curricular No For An Answer activities. On my part, I've done nothing to approach the notoriety, outside of No For An Answer, that Gavin has achieved with his art. I would say that is his primary focus. It's bizarre that he hasn't received more attention for it. He's done countless album covers.

SoldOut- For example...

Gavin- Ours, Uniform Choice, Unity, Half-Off, Haywire, Pillsbury Hardcore, and I almost did some stuff for the Bad Brains, Ill Repute, MIA, Hard Stance, and the Workshed compilation.

SoldOut- Tell us about Workshed.

Dan- It's a vehicle to exemplify the moral superiority of Orange County over any other part of the world. It's an attempt at the new Fascism. Seriously, Workshed is an attempt to shed a little light on a real thought crusade. Bands like Head First, Hard Stance, and Inside Out cannot be stopped, even though we'd like to do so for our own jealous reasons. I saw something happening in Orange County and this weird kid called me one day and said, "Dan, do you want to start a label?" And I said, "Well yes William, I have considered it." Then he hooked me up with Kane.

Gavin- I'm going to cut out.

(exit Gavin)

SoldOut- This No For An Answer interview has turned into a Dan O'Ma-hony interview.

Dan- Yeah, but I love those guys. I guess it doesn't make it less of a band if there is a speaker.

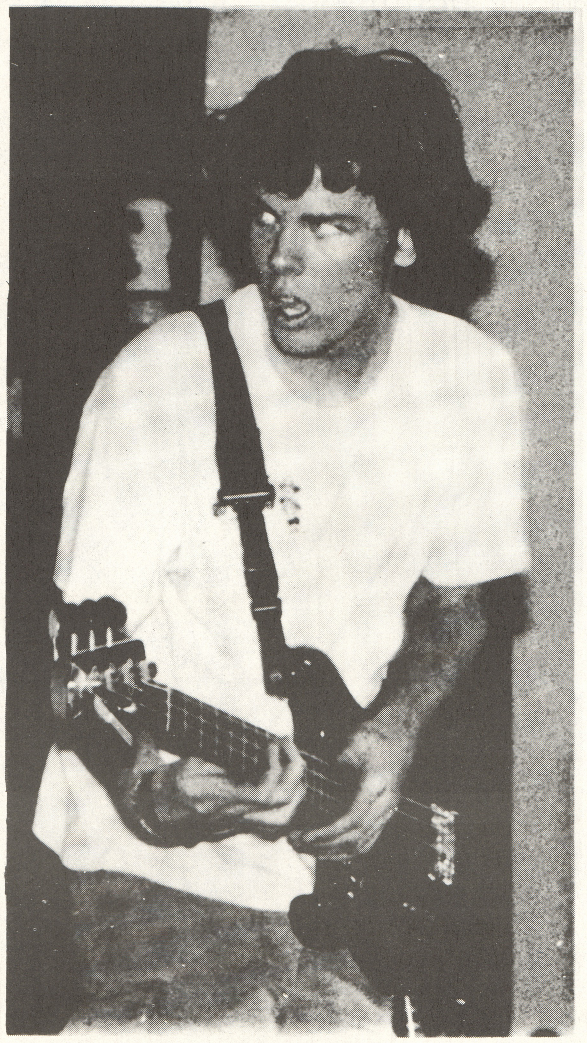
Billy- The fact that Gavin walked away shows that he trusts Dan.

SoldOut- And both Chris and Sterling faded away.

Dan- They're both under the impression that they've graduated to bigger and better things. Maybe they're right. Only time will tell. I happen to think that No For An Answer was overwhelming. We have accomplished many great things, and will be hard pressed to do anything better than this. I believe that nothing is beyond anybody, so I hope I can get something else going, because if I don't it's going to hurt really bad. I've got to do this, it's all I have. It's pretty scary.

SoldOut- Have you considered leaving California?

Dan- It would take a pretty big necessity. My life is here, my friends are here. 1983 in Southern California— I'm not going to go through the events that occurred, but that probably forever tied me to the state because I went through the most radical personal changes. I would hate to lose touch with the area that put me on the track that I'm on now. Man, I make daffy Gone With The Wind-statements sometimes.



"It's Bobby Brady!" Photo- Sean Higgins

Billy- I see Dan all worried now that he won't get anything else going. I'm not worried about it at all. I had the same fear when Half-Off died. I had to wait five months before Haywire got going, and I'm much happier now. So Dan, don't worry.

Dan- Most importantly, I hope everyone liked the band. That is important to me. I wouldn't want us to be thought of as zits on the complexion of the face of hardcore. I'd like to be remembered as...the 'mouth'. Wouldn't it be great to be looked back at as a great band that keyed in a whole new channel of thought? That's really going out on a limb, but I look at bands like Minor Threat or 7Seconds as bands that are that way. The whole Rudimentary Peni/ Subhumans thing with their really deep socio-political analysis was like that. On the whole, I think we came from a gentrified part of the hardcore scene— the straight-edge movement. We came and keyed in a generation to the importance of independence. If we can be remembered for that, I'm happy.

SoldOut- Do you feel that No For An Answer has taken straight-edge from the "stand hard with the crew, wearing 'X's as thick as whitewall tires"-type thing to working towards more important goals?

Dan- We might have been part of the subdivision that believes that way, but I'd say the bulk of the straight-edge movement is still part of the 'mosh hard or die' mentality. But a lot of those people are close friends. A lot of the most musically closed-minded people are good friends because they're beautiful people in other ways. But fuck with what someone thinks of straight-edge, because there are many more important things going on.

Billy- The big difference between No For An Answer and all the other bands is that No For An Answer don't sing about the fact that "They are and you're not!" They sing about the fact that they are, and there's a good reason for it and everybody should recognize it. Also, No For An Answer are not afraid to help to realize that, whereas a lot of those other bands say, "I am, you're not, so fuck off!"

> "Never be afraid to make a statement that might be unpopular. There's no greater loss of popularity than the loss of popularity with yourself, because if you are no longer fond of yourself or in admiration of the things you do, you will be lost. No explanation on this one, but destroy the dream."

Dan- Good answer. Good answer.

SoldOut- Closing statement?

Dan- An intelligent human being with an ample amount of inspiration cannot be defeated. He can be physically defeated, he can be vanquished, but he will affect those around him as long as he speaks his piece. Never allow the world to silence you. Never be afraid to make a statement that might be unpopular. There's no greater loss of popularity than the loss of popularity with yourself, because if you are no longer fond of yourself or in admiration of the things you do, you will be lost. No explanation on this one, but destroy the dream. Okay? I guess that's it. Thanks much to everyone.

Address? What address? Forget it, Dan is a little slow with the mail.

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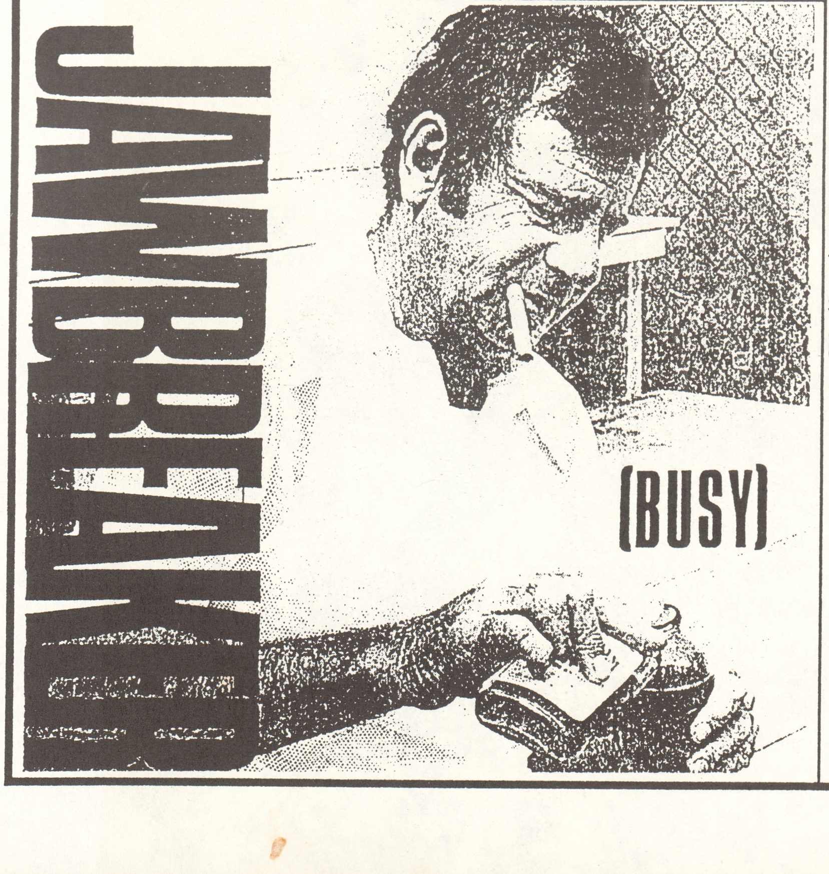

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ZOMBIE

Believe me when I say that I'm not about to blow precious pen, paper, and TV time (really...) on just anybody, particularly some nonsense 'hair' act that could very well be mistaken for something just out of Creem Meddle Hell or whatever. But...

--EditorMan

e second issue of Ann Arbor, Michigan's mighty Motorbooty mag, White Zombie
e proud self-proclamation of being New York City's "heavy metal losers." Oddly
ere not far off with the aforementioned blessing, save for the "loser" bit. Twenty-
tperson Rob Straker tries to rationalize this shameful 'evvy meddle' tag. "'Heavy
an old term that it doesn't particularly mean anything anymore. It's like calling it
'rock music'."

Maybe so, but it still reeks of cheapness, conjuring up forgettable visions of Aqua-
l, overpainted tubetop teenage trash, Vince Neil, and the almighty Loozer. For the
ed, to drop them into that school of 'musical transvestitism' would be like tossing
nto a nunnery. No chance, no place, and what a shame, for they deserve a diverse
ngside the likes of Prong, Petula Clark (?!), and even (dare I say) the untouchable
g Hyenas by affecting a resurrected prehistoric dirge with a firm latter day under-
sensibility. Perhaps by 1972's standards that shoe would fit, but today that cursed
tag could sadly shelve them somewhere between Warrant and Winger.

Pressed for something a bit more convincing and less self-depreciating, they dig
d in hoping to avoid pretension, dub it "satanic caveman rock". Cool. It beats the
out of that 'meddle' bunk, and why not? Considering Jay Yuenger's colossal chor-
ssist Sean Yseult's (she's a girl) relentlessness, Ivan DePrume's shameless double
l Straker's guttural war dance, what else would you call this apocalyptic entertain-
ment machine?

The seventies metal inspiration—thanks to the likes of Purple Sabbath, Deep
and related dinosaurs—goes without saying. However, there is no denial on their
half of the influential importance of Black Flag, Void, and similar hardcore acts in
rd to their developmental diet. The trademark aggro, awareness, and electricity of
enuine) punk/hardcore, along with the ability to step back from everything and not
all (including themselves) so seriously, has thankfully spared White Zombie from
coming off as some sort of pathetic Journey tribute.

"We all grew up listening to two different things: seventies metal and hardcore," admits Rob. "If seventies metal guys hadn't been such wimps, maybe this is what it would have sounded like. It's obvious that Ratt didn't grow up listening to Minor Threat because they're a bunch of fags. Maybe if they did they'd be cool. They can all play really well, but it's very wimpy, whereas Metallica did grow up listening to GBH and shit, so they rock."

And perhaps this hybridization of influences can account for their interesting cross-section of fan-folk—you know, your healthy mix of shorthairs, longhairs, freaks, casuals, and art types. What else when hyped as "Nick Cave meets Slayer"?

Photo- Otto

Lyrical inspirations?

"Not really," says Rob, "because the stuff I've been listening to has been dumb, so I don't really get influenced by "Shout at the Devil"." (ha ha, shame on you)

Writers?

"No, not really. I'd like to say something cool, but...actually, after I read Pet Semetary it changed my vision of the world," he laughs. "And it's never been the same since."

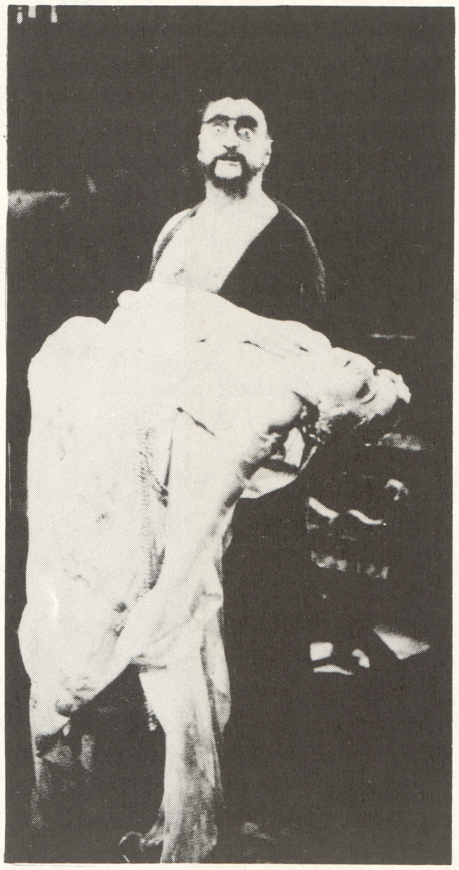
With intention to avoid the dull and obvious, Straker's visceral visions involve every day life with a welcome hit of the surreal— echoing life in the flowered and fragrant lanes of New York City's blissful Lower East Side. "If you live in a disgusting city, you tend to think about disgusting things." Simple and cynical logic.

Lifting their moniker from the 1932 Lugosi classic, Straker justifies the crime by offering that it "sounded cool and seemed like a classic Black Sabbath or Deep Purple sort of name." Pressing him (at gunpoint, nonetheless) for a better excuse, perhaps to hear something to the effect of "that it was representational of civilized man's decline towards an atavism and desensitization to the god-governed realm", he only further adds that "it tied in with the imagery of the band and what they're into." Let down city!

But then again, the visual element does play an extensive role in the White Zombie circus. The flying hair, dominating backdrop, and fog/light dizziness all perfectly complement their already consuming malevolent musical maelstrom—treating the eye as well as the ear to a deluge that makes Danzig and his 'evil' sideburn charade come off like a Sunday school show-and-tell.

Borrowing from the gospel of St. Hubbins, this "rock'n'roll creation (and ultimate mutation)" was granted conception in the Fall of 1985. Surviving a couple of extremely limited singles and a rash of member shifts, they continued with the critically acclaimed Psycho Head Blowout EP, and then forged on to 1987's incredible Soulcrusher, their debut longplay. Soulcrusher, at its least difficult sounded like My War Side Three on a sugar fit, graced notably by tuneless Tom Five's 'accidental' guitar genius. Nonetheless, this brutal beauty land White Zombie a contract with Caroline Records and sadly terminated Tom Five's duties with the troupe.

With a fresh John Ricci on guitar, they started on their follow-up—1989's colossal Make Them Die Slowly, culling it's title from Italian exploitation film director Umberto Lenzi's 1981 cannibal classic. Evolving from the loose, manic, and primitive expressiveness of earlier work, Make Them Die Slowly meant a cleaner and more focused Zombie, brought to life by Bill 'Big Deal" Laswell's cavernous production.



Robert at age twelve.

"At the time we were happy with Make Them Die Slowly, but as usual a week later we hated it. The production on the record isn't exactly thrilling. I mean, I think it's kind of cool, but it misinterprets the whole thing. We kind of take it for granted now, but at the time it was a big deal to us because he was a real producer and he had done the Motorhead LP, the latest Iggy record, and the Mick Jagger solo record (In other words, he's squandered his precious time on meaningless 'nowhere' smallfries- ed). It was a big deal to us. The way he does shit didn't really work out with what we wanted. His name helps to get it across to people that would totally ignore the record to begin with. It's good and bad." Ironic, considering promotion for the elpee made such a big stink of his involvement.

Shortly after Make Them Die Slowly's release, an ill-stricken Ricci left only to be replaced by truckstop frymaster extraordinaire (and current guitarman), Jay Yuenger.

Considering over four years (and counting) of development, hopefully White Zombie can maintain their 'ugly appeal' on work to come, and refrain from blossoming into a calculated, technically overconscious, hair tossing posturing affair. Some feel that they've already loused up and lost it—sacrificing their definitive artlessness for a diluted predictability. I wouldn't think so, but only time will tell. In any case, a second and successful cross-country marathon has proven positive and greater things deservedly await, with their only fear being "Ivan shaving his head," which as Straker adds, grinning, "could be pretty traumatic and break up the band." Don't count on it.

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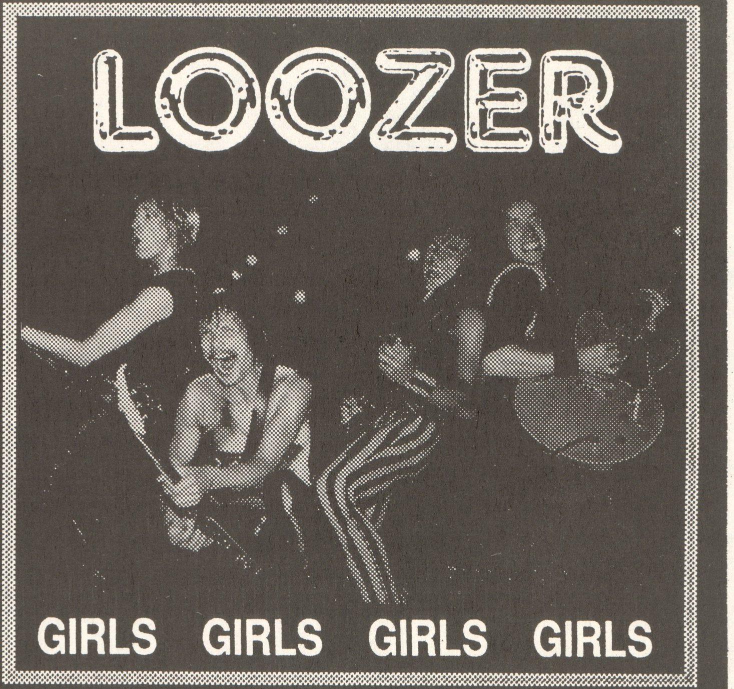

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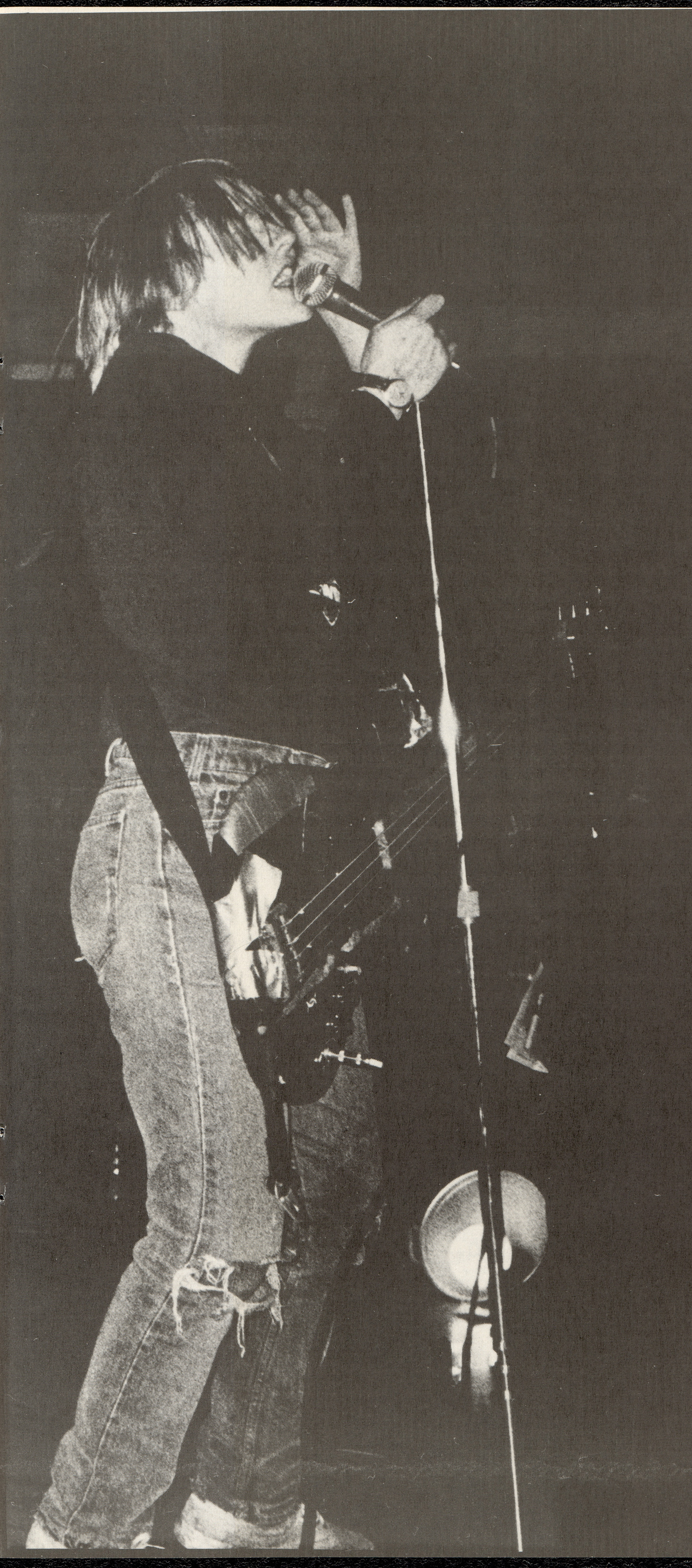

fire party

For the uninitiated, Fire Party are four young ladies out of Washington D.C.—Natalie Avery (guitar), Amy Pickering (vocals), Kate Samworth (bass). and Nicky Thomas (drums). Formed in late 1986, they have a six-song EP and a cut on the State of the Union benefit sampler (both on Dischord Records) to their name. "...There's definitely some Rites of Spring involved," someone said. Andy thinks they sound a lot like Pylon (who?), and somebody even mentioned Sonic Youth. In any case, they roll in their own righteous way.

We caught up to them in Detroit, seated them on folding chairs in the comforting confines of an icy, dim lit Legion hall, loaded the questions, and fired away.

"Did you purposely form this band around four females?"

Amy: "No. Fire Party formed around music, not around sex."

"Has Fire Party been the victim of any..."

"Sexism?" they finish. (followed by cascades of humiliating, ear-shattering laughter)

"Well...let's say 'negative attitudes'."

"We had one show where people grabbed us and threw shit at us," says Amy.

"But the sexism that bothers us is the more insidious, subtle sort," adds Natalie.

Amy: "On the last tour we did with Fidelity Jones, and remember that they're male and we're female, when I'd ask for directions, they'd look to somebody from Fidelity Jones to give the answer to. Don't forget that I'm the one that has gotten out of the car in the freezing cold to get directions. That kind of shit happens all the time. It's not unusual, but people aren't always like that. I don't want to make it sound totally negative."

"Your reaction?

"It's annoying. A lot of people are really conscious of the fact that we are girls," she continues, "and we're trying not to get up there and shake our shit and show it off. We're trying to play it down."

Interrupted only by an 'ammonia'-stricken

bespectacled geek-of-an-editor sneezing and spraying his 'green' all over the place, we proceed to discuss the shows and audience.

> "Fire Party formed around music, not around sex."

Natalie: "There's nothing I hate more than when people get up on stage and stand there like, "Duh?" They don't do a thing for twenty seconds, and then just fall onto a person in the crowd. Later, you see them talking to all of their friends going, "Did you see me? Did you see me?" And then we'd be playing a very slow song, and everybody would be running around and not even listening. You just know that they're not even listening."

"What I hate about the thrashing and diving is that it's all very alienating," Nicky points out. "It feels like we're only four girls standing there on stage, and the guys are all on the floor acting 'dangerous', so the girls and anybody else has to just stand back. It's not fair."

"Fine, but what sort of reaction are you looking for?"

Amy: "People paying attention is one thing, but instead they run madly around a circle, wrapped up in their own little scene where the band is inconsequential. We might as well have a record on then. That's the attitude I'm not interested in, but it's being connected to us in some way. I try to talk to people. I try to have them realize that I am a person, and that I am on stage for a reason. I could send them my record, and they could run around all they want, or even jump on their bed to it."

Natalie: "It's not the stage diving or slam dancing per se that bothers me, but the fact that we would be playing, and that whatever we'd be playing would have no consequence on the people down there. They'd just be strutting around, looking tough. People are so boxed in by everything that is expected of them. What we're doing with the band is trying to expand and open outwards, and it's really discouraging when they expect something, but box themselves in and don't move or react to you because they're like, "Who is this? Is this acceptable? I'll ask that guy over there."

"Understandably it's one thing to be ignored, but what is wrong with just watching the band and getting acquainted with it?"

"I would rather have people watch us and pay some sort of attention, and then maybe they can get into it a bit more. You can tell sometimes when people are in that little box, and when they are looking at you blankly. You can tell when they're in tune with what you're doing," Natalie continues.

Photo- Otto

Then an eager local lad, whom (in order to protect his identity) we shall refer to as 'Brendan', proceeded to ask them if "they had any boyfriends." Two laughed, one shook her head, and the other gave him a black eye (no, not really) Unnecessary, although highly entertaining.

Anyway, considering they've already crossed North America and are preparing for their second European jaunt, we begged them for a comparison of the respective scenes.

"There, people talk to you all of the time," starts Amy. "Everywhere except for England. It's like (mocking a heavy European accent) "Excuse a me, I did not a like a your music. I'd a like to tell a you that you a sucked." At least they say something, though. Also, the shows are bigger and more organized, and they have a bigger scene and lifestyle. They're not interested in what is cool and what is not. They just want to see the bands."

"People listen to you there," Nicky adds. "People that never heard us just listened and got into it. If they didn't like it, they at least listened to it.

"Do you think it might reflect the respective cultures and lifestyles? After all, the United States is a very conservative and culturally inhibited nation."

"Yeah, I'd definitely agree. When we went over there, people would come to every single Scream show or go to like five Scream shows in Germany," says Amy. "People traveled, whereas here it's a lot more isolated. I don't think it's simply a cultural issue, but also a geographical one."

"However, shows in North America are readily available, and therefore somewhat taken for granted. Anyway, someone mentioned that "it was great to see two D.C. bands on the same bill without knowing that they were from Washington D.C." Any feelings on the whole 'D.C. sound'?"

Natalie: I don't know what the sound is. We grew up there and a lot of those bands are very important to us, so we will no doubt end up influenced by them. When I think of bands that are categorized as having the 'D.C. sound', a lot of times they don't sound anything alike. Embrace, Rites of Spring, and Beefeater all sound totally different. What characterized them as D.C. bands was that they were all very innovative."

The 'D.C. sound' discussion-turned-debate carried on for some time, until a bystander stepped in to ask fo................................

We kept the words up for at least another half-hour, oblivious to the fact that the tape machine went down. Sadly, the good 'gossip' was gone. Weeks later, we connected with Amy (at somewhat of a loss for words) for a brief (very) follow up. Enjoy nonetheless.

SoldOut- Can you justify Fire Party's existence?

Amy- No, I can't. Somebody else will have to do that. It's impossible.

SoldOut- Is this a straight vehicle for expression? Are you trying to change a few minds? Is Fire Party total entertainment? Or a combination thereof?

Amy- I would not put it as being out to change anybody's mind. The subject matter is not meant to change minds. I'd put it as a vehicle for expression and somewhat as a form of entertainment, but not so much really.

SoldOut- Looking over the lyrics, they are undoubtedly unique to one person—yourself. In spilling your guts (how subtle), do you ever feel vulnerable or uneasy?

Amy- No. I put it in a context where it makes me feel...in a way I can express it. In some other manner I probably could not express it without feeling really vulnerable and uncomfortable, but in this form it's no problem.

SoldOut- Are you hoping someone can relate or extract something from it?

Amy- Yeah, I am.

SoldOut- Why do you do this?

Amy- It's more or less a need for expression. The things that I sing about...and if it would cross your mind that I could possibly be uncomfortable, then obviously there is something there that is personal and that I feel deeply enough to write about.

SoldOut- Has, or will the band impose any limits upon itself?

Amy- Probably at some point, but I'm not aware of it. I'm sure there is.

SoldOut- Nothing carved in granite?

Amy- That's one of the things about the band, and that is that we don't have anything carved in granite and don't plan to.

SoldOut- Could Fire Party withstand a member change?

Amy- Probably not. We might get together as another band, but no, we couldn't withstand a change.

SoldOut- Why?

Amy- Because it wouldn't be the same band. It would be a different band. It wouldn't be this band withstanding a member change, it would have to be us breaking up and starting anew. Everyone is vital.

SoldOut- Cover songs?

Amy- We do "Loose" by the Stooges.

SoldOut- Explain the name.

Amy- It was my birthday, and we went out into the woods and built a bonfire. It was really great. There was a feeling to it.

SoldOut- Pagan?

Amy- No. There was an aura to it that we enjoyed, and therefore we carried it over to the band.

SoldOut- Was Fire Party intentionally formed around four females?

Amy- No, it just happened. We were friends, and if we had a closer friend that was male at a position we needed...

SoldOut- It's a pretty big coincidence.

Amy- We were tightest. We were also on the same musical level, as opposed to most of the male friends I had. They were on a much higher musical level than I or most of my friends were on. It was much more natural for us to get together.

SoldOut- Was it done as a statement?

Amy- No. It's not that we don't want to make a statement, and it's not that we try not to make a statement about us being female. Just the fact that we do it or that anybody does anything is a statement on its own and it doesn't necessarily have to be stated. It has to say it all. It's supposed to speak for itself.

SoldOut- Duh...straight-edge?

Amy- (click)............................

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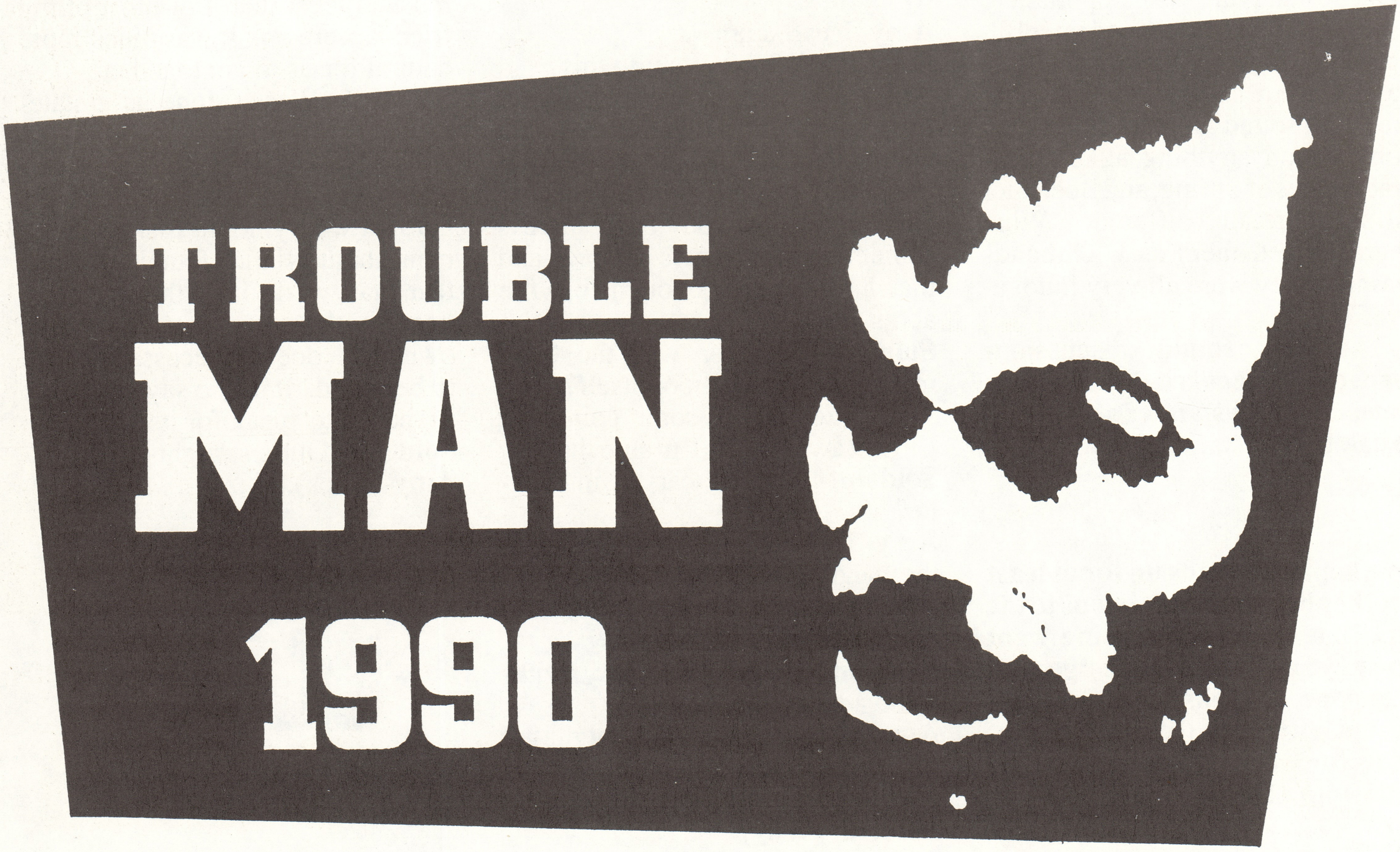

Ska, the highly danceable forerunner of reggae, is currently enjoying a tremendous international revival. Following the demise of the 2-Tone movement in the early Eighties, ska faded from the limelight but was far from dead. Through hard work and perseverance, a handful of bands kept churning out the big rude beat. Among them was a group of hearty Bostonians known as Bim Skala Bim. Together with other Beantown acts like the Bosstones, Mission Impossible, and Oddly Enough, Bim Skala Bim have kept the faith and keep mashing it up. Now in 1989, there are ska bands from coast to coast and around the globe, and Bim Skala Bim sit fairly close to the top.

Bim Skala Bim is: Shanty Dan on vocals, Jim Jones on guitar, John Cameron on keyboards and saxophone, Mark F. on the bass, Rick Barry on percussion, Jim Arhelger on drums, and Vinny (or is it Benny?) on the trombone. Longtime Bim member Jackie Starr has reportedly recently left the band to pursue other interests.

They have two full-length LPs under their belt (Boston Blue Beat and Tuba City), cuts on several compilations, and a third album is on the way. This past summer they toured with the legendary Laurel Aitkens and ska faves, Bad Manners. We caught up to them after their Detroit appearance and here's what they had to say. Enjoy! Interview conducted by Stefan and Mikey.

The Truth about Bim Skala Bim

Dan- We are exceptional idiots in that we are traveling idiots.

SoldOut- But not quite the Traveling Wilburys.

John- We are above and beyond the village idiot. We are national idiots, and are working on becoming international idiots.

Dan- Not like you guys.

John- Exactly! Have you been

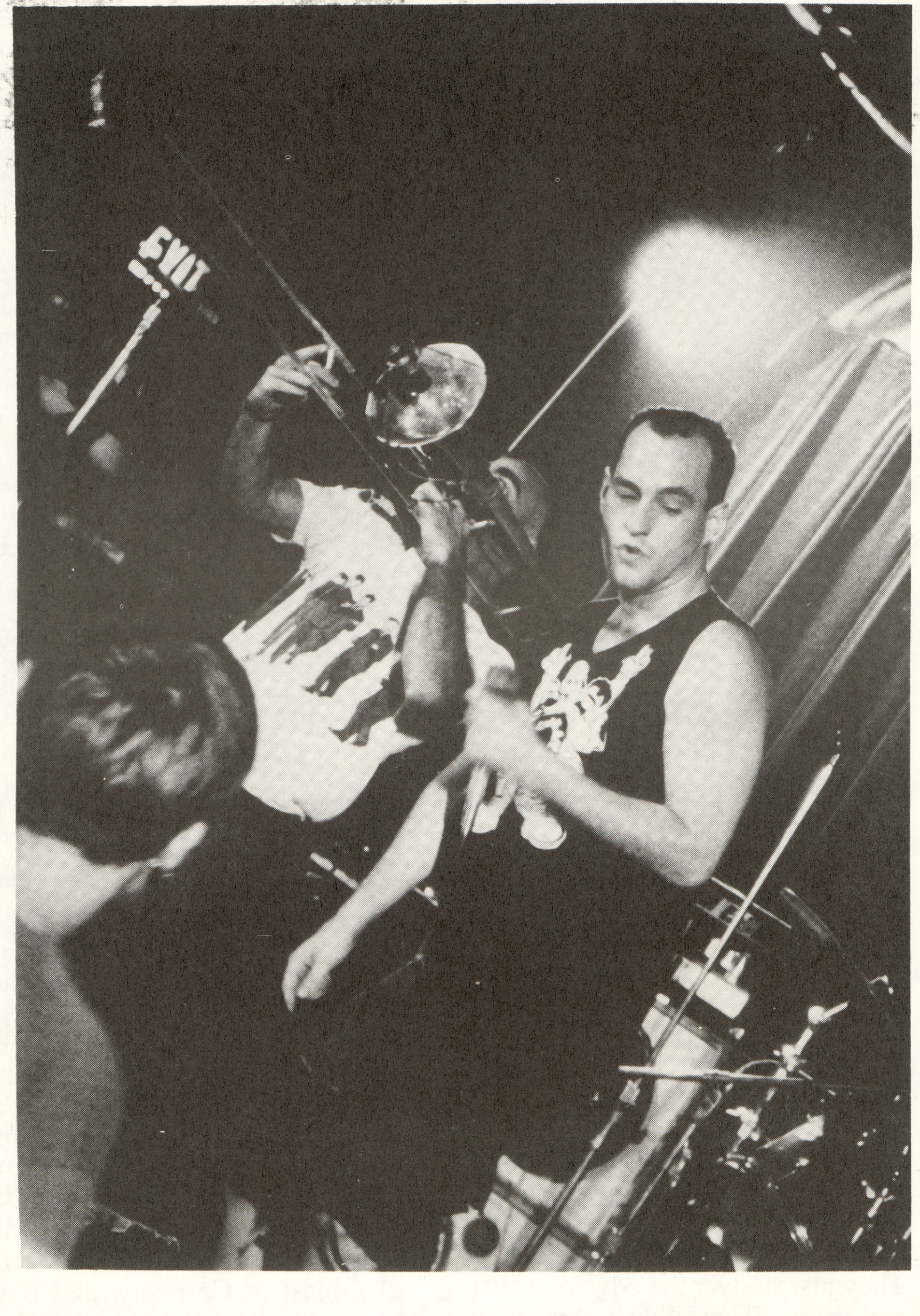

Photo- Stefan

bim skala bim

known to fall off walls? Frankly, we don't do that. We fall off trains and planes. In other words, we're always moving. We're always in motion. We are on the idiot trajectory. That's us.

Tuba City?

John- Tuba City is an American Indian town in northern Arizona. We played there on our first tour. They were really nice people and they just loved us. It's on Hopi land. Most of the Indian tribes have been moved from their homelands and have been put on some dustbowl reservation, but the Hopis have managed to hold on to their ancestral homeland for three to five-thousand years. Their name, translated literally, means 'cliff shitters'. They just sit over the edge of a cliff and do it. They didn't care, they lived on mesas. And with all this New Age fad food like blue corn...well, the Hopis were way ahead of anybody with that sort of stuff. They are very cool people and that's where the album title comes from.

Europe?

John- Just before Christmas we did a two week tour of Scotland and England with Bad Manners. That culminated with London's International Skafest. Two nights, two venues, and it was tremendous. We plan on going back in November, 1989. We're doing Germany, France, hopefully Switzerland and Austria, and I'm expecting to do England and the Netherlands.

Dan- The people in Germany have been talking to us about doing shows for a long time and we're finally going to go. Our records do very well in Germany, and the scene is very good out there. The Toasters had a blast in Germany, and Bad Manners just got back and had a great time.

Marky's Bass

Mark- I like the bass because it's powerful. It's like the backbone of it all. I have an urge for power, and therefore I've displaced it from politics to bass playing. I really got turned on to reggae at first, but then one day I accidently recorded "Psychedelic Rockers" by the English Beat off the radio. I heard that song and said, "Now that's bass playing!". If it wasn't for that song, I might have missed it all together.

Johnny's Organ Style

John- I'm really influenced by Jimmy Smith, Jackie Matou and all those other great ska organists, but I'm starting to develop my own style because, as you see, my left hand doesn't work that well. I use it to beat the keys rhythmically rather than to play any notes with it. It's weird. The right hand knows what to do, and the left hand just beats the fuck out of the keys. I'd guess the lower octaves on the keyboard are just useless to me.

The Bim, The Bad and The Ugly

John- Well, we (Bim Skala Bim and

"Get them baldheaded bums off the stage!" Photo- Stefan

Bad Manners) are both rather ugly. We kind of pride ourselves on how ugly a band can be and still actually make records that people buy. I guess we must sell a lot of records to blind people, but Bad Manners do have an edge on that as well.
SoldOut- But ugly in a beautiful sort of way.
John- Oh, decidedly!

A Brush with Greatness

Mark- I had Thanksgiving dinner with J. Geils once.
SoldOut- No kidding?
Mark- Yeah, he's a friend of my uncle's, and so he came over for dinner once. It was interesting.
SoldOut- Have you ever had a brush with greatness?
Dan- I was at the New Music Seminar in New York City and saw all sorts of 'stars', but this is the best. I was going up the escalator and there were seven people ahead of me—the Fat Boys. At the top of the escalator was this crowd of people. So these Fat Boys get to the top and stop because they they're looking which way to go. Meanwhile, all these people are smashing into them, piling up all these Fat Boys at the top of the escalator. It was a total embarrassment.

Laurel Aitkens?

John- He couldn't make this leg of the tour. They call him the 'Godfather of Ska', and rightfully so. He's had hits in Jamaica in the Sixties, and in England in the Seventies. He's a brilliant guy and a wonderful musician. He stayed at my house for about five days. He would get up early in the morning and be on his way to the bathroom, but then he'd stop by to check out the piano in my room. Now when you wake up in the morning, what do you do? You brush your teeth, go to the bathroom, whatever. Right? Well he'd blow it all away just to sit and play the piano for a while, and he'd forget all about going to the bathroom. After playing for a while and waking me up, he'd remember, "Oh sorry mon, I got to go to da bathroom. Oh sorry, mon. I forgot." He's just wonderful. He's in his early sixties. He doesn't remember how old he is. That happens when you get to that age. He couldn't finish the tour, but do check out his records. He's a living legend.

Are you content with your level of success?

Mark- Pretty much. A nice record deal with some real support would be nice, but we are doing better than most bands that have been at it as long as we have. In a way it's good that we didn't get big instantly, because that's the kiss of death for a lot of bands. I guess we're doing okay.

Final words of wisdom

Mark- People should keep the faith, and in your darkest hour turn to your record player.

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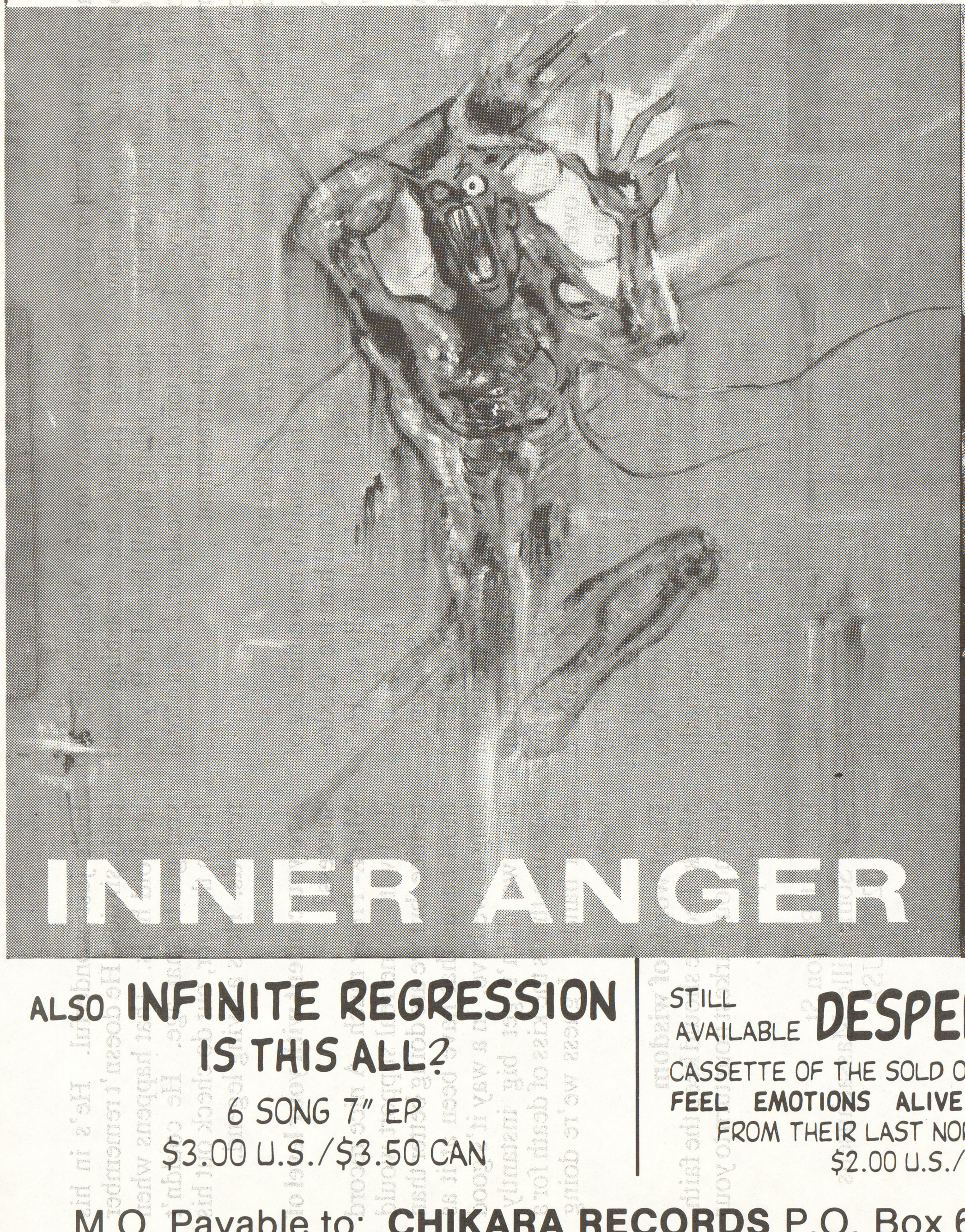
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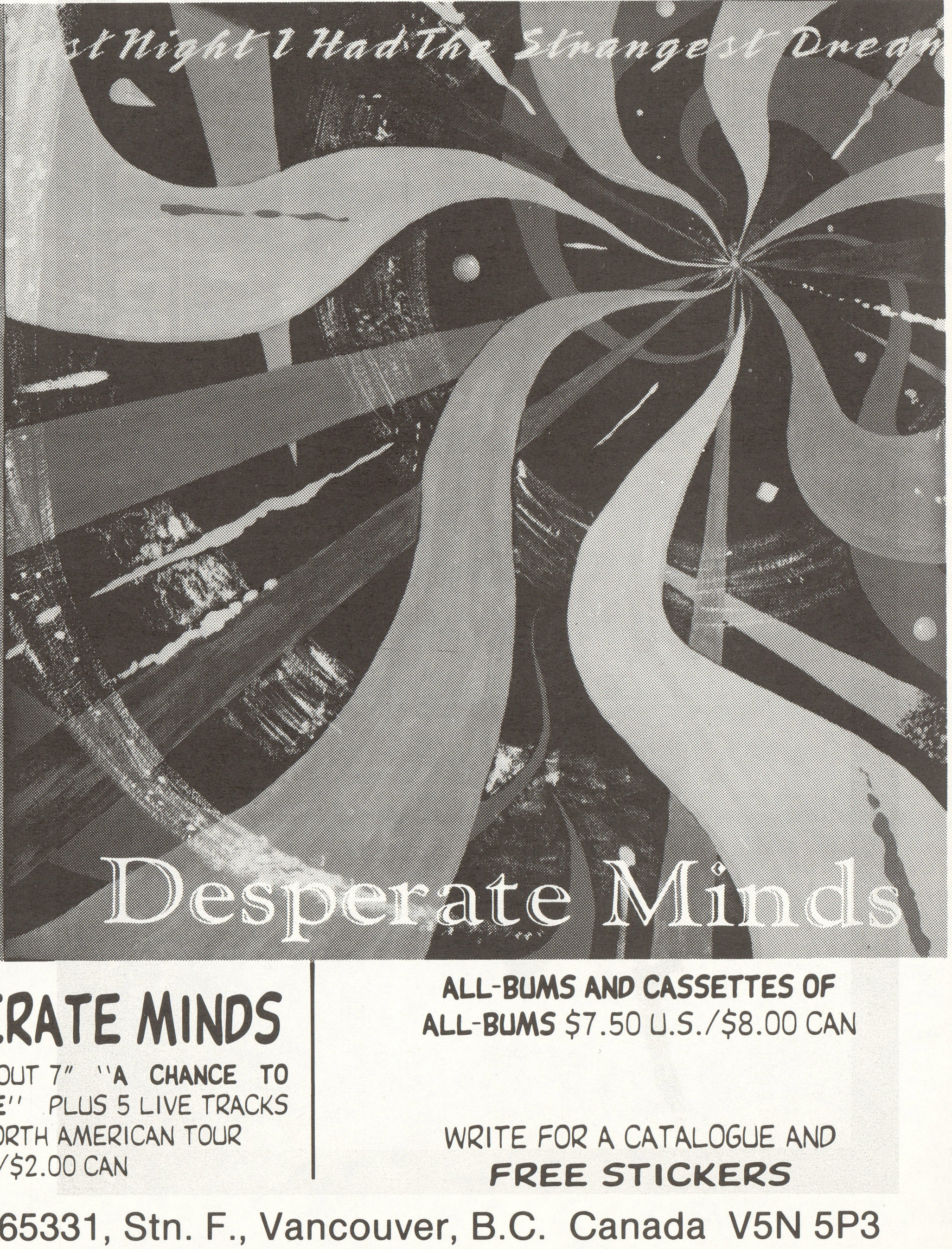
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RECORDS, CASSETTES, 8 TRACKS, AND CDs

Included is every review items received by Aug. 25, 1989. Anything since received will be covered in the next issue. If submitting a cassette, be sure it is a 'for sale' tape, as demonstration tapes or basement butchery will not be reviewed. Sorry. If you don't see your record here, consider it your fault.

Absolution- EP (Combined Effort Records)
The now-defunct Absolution have put together an effective, yet unstructured blend of hardcore and metal, full of unexpected turns. To match the music, vocalist Djinji Brown croons a bit like the Crucifucks' Doc Dart, difficult yet interesting. The lyrics focus on personal and socially-oriented matters, and both "A Drop of Patience" and "In the Meantime" are the outstanding tracks. Swell packaging. (MR)

All- Allroy's Revenge LP (Cruz Records)
The boys from Cali are back with yet another release continuing in the traditional Descendents/All pop vein. Scott Reynolds, replacing Dave Smalley, shows no trouble in stretching and showing off the vocal chords. Check out "Fool" for proof. As usual, All spend their words worrying about the opposite sex, and is naturally nothing dangerous. The cassette includes a bonus cover of "Hot Rod Lincoln". Nice work. (GW)

Animal Clinic- Cassette (5313 Webster Ct./Yakima, Washington/98908)
An exercise in musical obsolescence, sounding at best like very early GI's. Poor production 'enhanced' by an indecipherable squeak for a vocalist spouting off some generally agreeable lefty lyricism (thanks to a lyric sheet). Good intentions, weak results. (OB)

Asexuals- Dish LP (Cargo Records)
With little resemblance to the band of yore, Montreal's Asexuals return following a lengthy vinyl hiatus with a delightfully light pop punk affair, not unlike Edmonton's Jr. Gone Wild (particularly on "The Fire Song" and title cut) and trademark Midwest plaid shirt hardpop (a la Soul Asylum, the Weeds, pre-poop Replacements, etc.). A hoarse TJ Collins fills the shoes of the long-departed John Kastner without any degree of difficulty, as the four run smoothly through all eleven tracks—touched effectively by slide guitars and horns. Excellent, taken on its own merit without any consideration for past efforts. (OB)

The Blaggers- On Yer Toez LP (Oi! Records)
Intelligent oi!, right on target. Musically speaking it's your basic full on, power chord fervor mastered previously by the Four Skins, Oppressed, etc.. No lyric sheet, but they no doubt hold a somewhat leftward stance. An excellent alternative for oi! fans sick of Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, or Public Enemy (the white ones). (SC)

The Blanks- LP (PO Box 1010/Birmingham, Michigan/48012)
A good, although overly quiet and subdued effort on behalf of Detroit's Blanks. The male/female vocal interchange delivers the sensitive and politically progressive inclinations capably over a smooth pop and reggae/bluebeat drive. An older release, but worthy of a listen nonetheless. (OB)

Business- Live and Loud LP (Link Records)
Captured at their final UK gig, the street scene mainstay farewells with a respectable flair. Well recorded, this thirteen song selection spans their earliest efforts to the latest, including a rousing rendition of Sham 69's "Hurry Up Harry". Recommended. (OB)

Corpus Vile- What Does It Take LP (Fringe Records)
Fair, although safe and standard metalcore out of Winnipeg, Manitoba (Canada—for the ignorant). Plenty of potential, hinting at a metal phase Agnostic Front, Corrosion of Conformity, and even Voivod, but hampered by a low run of innovation and imagination. Kudos for a decent reworking of SSD's "Words That Kill", in addition to eleven others. (OB)

Crimpshrine- Quit Talking Claude EP (Lookout! Records)
Apparently disbanded, San Francisco's finest follows up on their debut with a well-rounded selection of four scrappy rockpunk cuts. Both "Situation" and the Hendrixed "Inspiration" hit hardest. Good stuff. (OB)

Curious George- LP (Kane Productions)
Vancouver's Curious George touch up their traditional Canuck hardcore rock'n'roll (like DOA, Asexuals, etc.) with a slight Circle Jerk. Lyrics cover safe sex, pitbulls, the Seventies, and other equally 'important' subject matter. Decent. (OB)

DC3- Vida LP (SST/Cargo Records)
Inspired by the likes of Hawkwind, early ZZ Top, Deep Purple, Mountain, and similar prehistoric luminaries, the Dez Cadena Three (DC3?) infuse a balanced dose of punk vitality and toothless blues into their already monolithic bell-bottomed rock jams. Their fourth—a crisply handled live account—spans their three previous longplays, and includes a handful of Black Flag and Hawkwind covers. Surprisingly good (very). (OB)

Die Kreuzen- EP (Touch and Go Records)
With little compromised, both "Gone Away" and their rendition of Aerosmith's "Seasons of Wither" could easily earn Milwaukee's Die Kreuzen a wider and deserving appeal. In comparison to earlier material (including even Century Days), the latter day Die Kreuzen has adopted a smoother, less dissonant, and almost mainstream delivery—as evident in the airy structures and (dare I say) Joe Elliot-ization of Danny Kubinski's vocals. In addition to the studio two, the flipside treats to five digestible live cuts. Good. (OB)

Doctor and the Crippens- Rhaphanadosis LP (Manic Ears Records)
Plain and simply dumb. From the pseudo-surreal sleeve art to the ridiculous lyricism, 'goofy' is the only word to describe this effort. The stupidity takes its toll, particularly when backed by a barrage of tuneless, speed thrash. Sorry, but essentially a novelty item for those that could possibly tolerate it. (SC)

Ear Damage- The Hangover of Loneliness LP (Punk Etc. Records)
Good ideas go dry for Belgium's Ear Damage with their tired brand of lackluster and unimaginative metallic hardcore. Sorry to say, but the moniker tells no tales. Be prepared for plenty of 'boozin and

loozin' anguish, climaxing with the ingenious "Princess of the Dark" ("...you try to look cool anyhow/but inside you must be horny now/so come on baby don't be shy/and let me suck your pussy dry"). Brilliant. Punk rock life, I guess. (OB)

Eyeball- Prosthetic Head EP (Lookout! Records)
Four songs, plus an instrumental from San Fran's now-defunct Eyeball. Decent Flag-style instrumentation, as evident on "K.C." and the title track, and topped by a taut and convincing vocal showing from Dave Duran (ex-Clown Alley, Jerry's Kidz). (OB)

Fat, Drunk, and Stupid- Cassette (5420 Lime Ave./Long Beach, California/90805)
Decent, simple structured, and roughly produced hardcore, recalling early Dead Kennedys, Circle Jerks, and other seminal West Coast acts. The lyrical fodder rightfully attacks everything beautiful in America—including lipposuctions, three piece idiots and corporations, and Republicans—all in a laughably clever manner. (OB)

Four Skins- Live and Loud- The Bridgehouse Tapes LP (Link Records)
Sounding at best like it was recorded outside the club (across the street) on a defective Fisher Price tape machine, haunts yet another posthumous Four Skins release. All the best, complete without guitar and with an overabundance of drums and vocal barks (courtesy of Hodges). Sorry Hoxton Tom, but you'd have to be a pretty patient Four Skins fanatic to sit through The Bridgehouse Tapes. (OB)

Fugazi- Margin Walker EP (Dischord Records)
Dischordant (sic) and desperate in comparison to their subdued debut, the six on Margin Walker span a range of approaches, from the pop air of "Provisional" to the cutting "Lockdown"—all lifted by an impressive Ian MacKaye guitar innovation and convincing Guy Piccioto vocal showing (shared). As anticipated, there is an inspiring, selfless conveyance of ideas, exemplified with the worldlywise "Burning Too" or "And The Same"'s assault on ignorance. Blame Kurt Sayenga for the sleeve and those Dischord freaks for yet another good record. Excellent, and not judged on the basis of who they are and/or previous accomplishments. (OB)

Full Circle- The Fight and Struggle Must Go On Cassette (19333 Bainbridge/Livonia, Michigan/48152)
A dedicated, although standard run of metal embellished hardcore, troubled mainly by an uninspired and shaky vocal outing. The generally agreeable 'whatever rhymes' lyricism is marred by the dumb "Coma Children" and "Get Out of My Way", as well as by the weapon wielding senselessness of "Man's Best Friend". Save for that, it's a fair start. (OB)

Gangster Fun- Come See Come Ska LP (Ska Records)
Detroit's skank demons do good with their debut. Although the sugar coated ska beats are earcatchers, the personality and fun of the live show is not well captured. Musically speaking, the record stands on its own, but overall would not be a proper representation of the band. It's all the 'gangster' and not enough of the 'fun'. (MR)

The Generals- EP (11670 Stout/Detroit, Michigan/48228)
Maintaining a firm folk element throughout, Detroit's Generals follow up their spotty debut with a somewhat more cohesive second effort. Both cuts, particularly "All the Heroes" (from their forthcoming album) cross a vintage Clash, an early Alarm, and Social Distortion, with a good helping of vitality. (OB)

Grudge- Project Ex EP (Jism Records- PO Box 39392/Downy, California/90241)
In what may very well be the last chapter in the Half Off/Youth of Today war, William Rubin and friends poke some lighthearted satire at Ray 'Goin' Back to Godhead' Cappo and his Noo Yawk 'stand hard' crew. Starting off with an intro bust (inspired by the Toucan Sam of hardcore—Raybees, and his merry band of minstrels, Warzone), it rips right into "Drinking's Great" (music courtesy of Youth of Today's "Thinking Straight"), the hilarious "Cap'n Straight Edge", and eight other pieces of hardcore hilarity. A good laugh from Karl of Tomorrow, Keg Ahead, and Slammy. (SC)

Half Life- Never Give In LP (Skyclad Records)
Pittsburgh's Half Life hit with a valid second effort, calling upon early English (vintage Discharge, for example) and Californian hardcore with a simple, yet skilled approach. The level-headed lyricism, as with the music, is conventional fare. The cover art looks a lot like Government Issue's Make An Effort, and the recording is coincidentally produced by GI's Tom Lyle. (OB)

Haywire- Private Hell LP (New Beginning Records)
Not to be confused with the Canadian wimp rock outfit of the same name, LA's Haywire (formed from the ashes of Half Off) touch upon their Blast! Flag-style meltdown with some tastefully metallic hints. "Bring the Power Down", "So Good", "Private Hell", "The Body Polotic", and a commendable version of Motorhead's "Bomber" serve to prove their potency. "Looking Down"? I don't get it. (OB)

Hell's Kitchen- If You Can't Stand the Heat LP (Boner Records)
A tired and hardly convincing metalman parody by a pack of San Fran "ex-this and ex-that" 'celebs'. Even a cover of the mighty Spinal Tap's failsafe "Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight" can't save this dog. (OB)

Homemade Sin- The Greatest Distance Between Two Points Cassette (1432 Fresno Rd./Wilmington, Delaware/19803)
Homemade Sin's third cassette release adventurously blends psychedelia, hardcore, jazz, and folk for an interesting, although tiring and overly indulgent end result—begging for focus and direction. Stark, unappealing packaging just turns me on, baby. Wow! (OB)

HR- Singin' in the Heart LP (SST/Cargo Records)
HR's latest reggae excursion, although smoothly and surely delivered, suffers a prolonged spell of redundancy and banality. In any case, "Don't Trust No (Shadows After Dark)" gains a much-needed impetus, recalling I Against I material, and "Fool's Gold" (also performed by the Bad Brains) glides nicely, conveying a wholly agreeable sentiment. Listenable, although trying and trite. (OB)

Images- Fall From Grace LP (DSI Records)
In comparison to their debut, Maryland's Images fare convincingly well with a more consistent and coherent second effort . The instrumentation—sounding like Marginal Man or a toned down Verbal Assault, with occasional shifts into pop and metal—backs up the lyrical introspection infused with a good degree of worldly consideration (listen to "Love of Man" or "Not Too Late"). A good effort hampered only by shaky packaging and a flat production. (OB)

Jawbreaker- Busy EP (Shredder Records)
For the uninitiated, Jawbreaker are a trio out of the Los Angeles area. Although both tracks maintain a clean, middle tempo melodic

drive, "Busy" runs along the lines of Crimpshrine, Operation Ivy, etc., while "Equalized" adopts a decidedly different D.C. inflection (not unlike Gray Matter, Embrace, etc.). The ideas, although vaguely delivered, hold a healthy sensitivity toward human frailty—a bittersweet tone that runs through the music and package art. Very good. (OB)

Leaving Trains- Transportational d. Vices LP (SST/Cargo Records)
A thoroughly enjoyable light pop affair blending late Sixties garage pop and Seventies punk (particularly early Clash), with nice touches of country and blues throughout. Fine sleeve art to boot. (OB)

Left Insane- EP (No Reality Records- PO Box 10383/Torrence, California/90505)
Dental office music for an upside-down new age, with creepcrawl rhythms and full frontal atonal guitar hinting at Greg Ginn and friends, a tighter JFA, and even Edgar Winter (on "Morning Shadows Shorten"). Four suitably produced instrumentals (thanks to Bill Stevenson) from a skintight trio, featuring All's Stephen Egerton on bass. Definitely sink the teeth into this hot potato. (OB)

Les Thugs- Frenetic Dancing! (Gougnaf Mouvement)
Another installment in the long line of fine French punk. Two songs, both en Anglais, sounding like a rawer Social Distortion. Good. (OB)

Lurkers- King of the Mountain EP (Link Records)
Oh, how time mellows one. The Lurkers, one of England's best minor acts from the days of '77, return with a collection of unfortunately mediocre punk cuts. With the exception of the title track (a third-rate GBH rip-off in itself), the remaining borrow heavily and shamelessly from the Ramones. Not bad, but tired and unoriginal. And don't forget to feast your eyes on the laughably bad cover art. (SC)

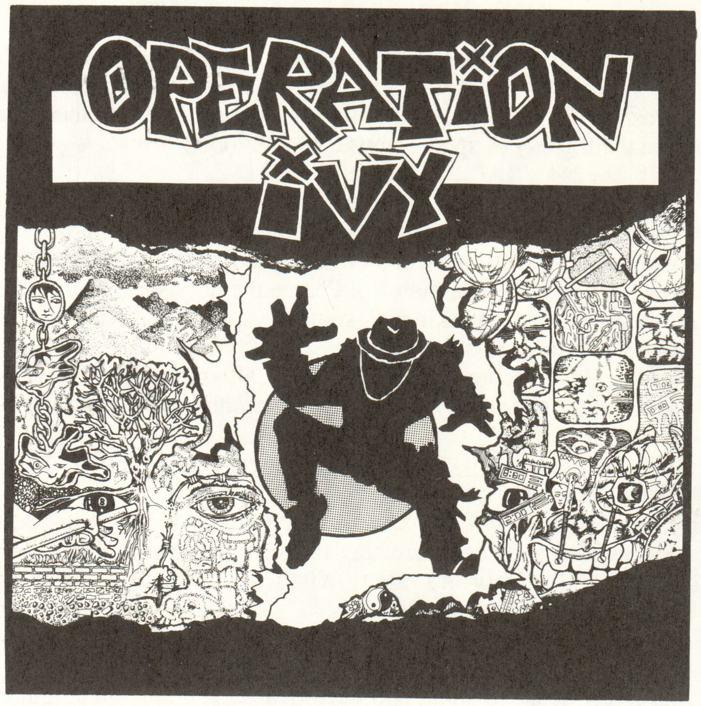
M.A.D.- Generation Zero Cassette (112 Poplar St./Chatham, Ontario/N7L-1K3)
Proving that there is life after all in the culturally supersaturated metropolis of Chatham, Ontario, Mutually Assured Destruction show up and off with a tight, tense, and level-headed speedmetal workout. Although decently presented and performed, momentum is lost in the timeless arrangements, and a heavier dose of innovation and inspiration could send them far. Otherwise, they're off to a strong start. (OB)

Madball- Ball of Destruction EP (In-Effect Records)
A pointless rerun of obsolete 'old school' New York hardcore in need of (and deserving) the ridiculous "little brother of Roger Miret" hype trip. Includes a number of Agnostic Front chestnuts in addition to a ravaging of the Animals' "It's My Life". A novelty at best. (OB)

Militant Mothers- LP (Spirit Family Records)
A decent hardcore rock trip with interesting forays into funk and jazz. Elements of Led Zep through Bad Brains, Beefeater, and even SNFU (check into "My Body and Me") come through crisp and clear. Well packaged, produced, and delivered in English, it could earn a wide overseas appeal. Oh yeah, from Germany with former Morbid Outburst members. (OB)

Moonstomp- They Never See LP (Link Records)
Pigshaved mediocrity out of Atlanta. No lyric sheet attached, but they do a poor job nonetheless of disguising their backward, flag flying bigotry. Dumb music for dumb people. (OB)

Operation Ivy- Energy LP (Lookout! Records)



Berkeley/San Fran's late great Operation Ivy exercise a smooth fusion of (normally redundant) ska/reggae and hardpunk on their second and sadly final release. As with their debut, the suitably raw melodies perfectly complement the mirthful, however sensitive and conscious outlook. "The Crowd", "Sound System", "Knowledge", and "Unity" stand out among an already selection of pebbly produced rocks. Apparently they are returning under another title, so keep the eyes and ears out and open. Recommended without any reservations. (OB)

Nirvana- Bleach LP (Sub Pop Records)
Q: What would happen if a caveman played a guitar?
A: Nirvana.
How can anybody get so damn heavy and have nothing to do with heavy metal? I'll bet they eat chunky peanut butter. From Seattle, naturally. (AK)

Paper Bag- Improvised...My Ass LP (SST/Cargo Records)
A discordant mood muzak improvisation, interrupted here-and-there by mouthfuls of sensible ranting. Recorded live in Los Angeles. Cool. (OB)

Pazuzu- Moribund EP (190 N. Avalon #1/Memphis, Tennessee/38112)
Four cuts of tight metallic (and melodic) thrash out of Memphis, fronted by a throat sounding a lot like king Tesco Vee. No lyric sheet to be found, but the wordage evidently teeters between the macabre and somewhat politically sensible. Not bad. (OB)

Pussy Galore- Dial 'M' for Motherfucker LP (Caroline Records)
Cut through the surface static and discover some pleasantly dissonant (and even listenable) psychotic pop gems, as in "Understand Me", "Kick Out", "One Hour Later", and the untouchable "Dick Johnson". Excessive noise indulgences aside, comparisons to a tougher and ballsier early Cramps are not off target. The quasi-Sixties/Seventies sleeve package, complete with a cover shot still

from some blaxploitation classic makes for the perfect partner and protection of this beyond-fucked waxtrack. (OB)

Reason to Believe- The Next Door EP (Nemesis Records)
Decent melodic Californian hardcore in the vein of mid/late 7Seconds and Verbal Assault, hampered only by a powerless production. Introspective lyrics prevail, with "True Love Always" touching upon the tragedy of spouse abuse. Good. (OB)

The Resort- 1989 LP (Link Records)
In what is hopefully not merely a rent-paying return, the (Last) Resort reappear on the scene (with a head full of hair) almost a decade later, with frontman Roi Pearce the only survivor. Aside from the shaky reworking of some Last Resort ("King of the Jungle", among others) and Four Skins ("Waiting for a Friend") cuts, the Resort score with some tuneful, although pedestrian rock jabs accented effectively by acoustic guitars and saxophones. (OB)

Brian Ritchie- Sonic Temple and Court of Babylon LP (SST/Cargo Records)
Femme Ritchie, with his second SST release, indulges in some aural exotica with an interesting range of musical tooling. The words cut effectively on a variety of issues, with the net result being surprisingly stomachable. (OB)

Scarecrow- No Reason To Be Sad EP (Weed Productions)
Extremely dense, dismal, and unenjoyable Teutonic metal punk, fronted by a ridiculously deep throated vocalist that might come off as even listenable at 78 rpm. Low on innovation, Scarecrow sadly depends upon too many cliches of the genre. Three songs, plus an instrumental. (OB)

Screaming Trees- Buzz Factory LP (SST/Cargo Records)
The Screaming Trees are everything the Cult wished they were, except that the Trees rock much harder and truer without any of the pretensions. Plenty of crybaby jams to ride the back of the vocalist's sweet melodies. I think he has wings too. I mean, wa wa! (AK)

Slaughter and the Dogs- The Slaughterhouse Tapes LP (Link Records)
Along with Cocksparrer, Slaughter and the Dogs are one of the most unheralded Seventies streetpunk pioneers ever to emerge. The Slaughterhouse Tapes is a catchy, rock rooted collection of studio, demo, and live cuts along with a brief radio interview from 1977. "Situations", "I'm Mad", and "Twist and Turn" give proof of their greatness. Keep and eye out for their original longplays, but until then give ear to this. (OB)

Sludge- The Build Up Cassette (10 1170 Falcon Dr./Coquitlam, British Columbia/V3E-2L4)
Doing their title justice, Sludge dredge successfully through seven expressions of primal dirge, recalling a less-technical Black Flag, and a slower Void and Nihilistics. Surprisingly, the primitive two-track live production suits the tone of the effort. Good, manifesting a great deal of potential. (OB)

Spinal Tap- Shark Sandwich LP (Polymer Records)
Shit sandwich. (MD)

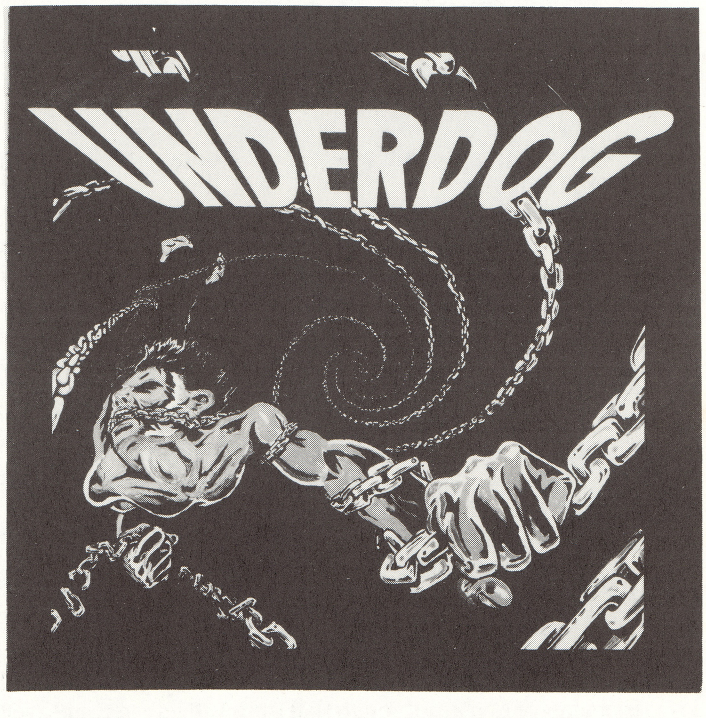
Stars and Stripes- Shaved for Battle LP (Patriot Records)
Fronted by a goon sounding not unlike a cross between a young Ian Stuart and that guy from Slapshot (?!), Stars and Stripes pound out a platter of pigshaved parodies (or at least I hope so) sure to thrill the unbelievably dumb and offend the humourless politically 'correct'. "Skinheads on the Rampage", "Gang Riot", "Doc Marten Army", and the title cut, plus a host of others are solid celebrations of stupidity, in addition to a couple of resolute, although questionable cuts. Inspired by the likes of the originals, Stars and Stripes shame any previous attempt at American oi! and rival the masters in terms of sheer tunefulness. (OB)

Steel Pole Bathtub- Butterfly Love LP (Boner Records)
San Francisco's finest trio, Steel Pole Bathtub, specialize in a ruthlessly distorted feedback attack not dissimilar to NYC's Pussy Galore and similar acts. Well produced, and delivered as artlessly offbeat singsongs, cuts like "Swerve", "Time to Die", and "Thru the Windshield of Love" sting best. (OB)

Suckspeed- The Day of Light LP (Funhouse Records)
Crossing the best (and worst) elements of Prong, Blast!, and even AC/DC, Germany's Suckspeed debut with a driven, but spotty heavy metal/hardcore workout—troubled by a stylistic overconsistency (i.e. it gets monotonous) and reliance on heavy/speed metal genericisms. Chunky production, white wax, and delivered in English. (OB)

Surrogate Brains- Surrogate Serenades EP (Lookout! Records)
Adequate, although 'typical city' Lookout! fare out of Stockton, California. Lyrics teeter between the typically political and lovey-dovey, and includes an applaudable attack on Skruejiva's outgoing sense of 'humanity'. I more what say can? (OB)

Underdog- The Vanishing Point LP (Caroline Records)



Between the funk chunks of "A Lot to Learn" and "No Matter What", the reggae/core fusion of "Mass Movement", and the clean drive of "Blindside", Underdog's expansive latest elevates them beyond the limitations of conventional hardcore through the sin of innovation. Richie Birkenhead (mouth), taking a lesson or two from Scream's Pete Stahl and HR (Bad Brains), works the words well through the efficacious (big word) utilization of vocal dynamics and harmonies. The others—guitarist (and noted skate devil)

Chuck Treece, bassman Russ Wheeler, and drummer Dean Joseph—collectively work through a thin and sterile mix to do all eleven tracks justice. A milestone for New York hardcore. (OB)

Tar Babies- Honey Bubble LP (SST/Cargo Records)
For those that don't know, the Tar Babies are four guys from Madison, Wisconsin playing an insane blend of jazz, funk, and freedom. Plenty of funked bass, scratchy guitars, and twisted horns, as their latest takes them deeper into their own innovational groove. For the ignorant, realize that funk does not end with the Red Hot Chili Peppers. (AK)

Urge- Dog's Life EP (Spirit Family Records)
While "Hands" rests as a conventional thrash run, both "Middle Class Hero" and "Dog's Life" suffer some heavy Blast! Flag damage—not surprisingly, since they make a point of citing Ginn and Mike Neider (Blast!) as inspirations (on the insert), and with the title track going so far as to plagiarize Blast!'s "Nightmare" (hopefully with intent). Overall, it's a sturdy showing from one of Germany's most promising acts. (OB)

Visual Discrimination- Step Back and Listen LP (Nemesis Records)
Los Angeles' Visual Discrimination debut with eighteen jabs of tight and spirited, however unimaginative SoCal speed hardcore unfortunately lapsing into spells of genericism. Their vitality and good intentions ("...we got the edge") fail to overshadow the shortcomings and pancake production, meaning at best a passable debut. Look to the next release. (OB)

Kick'n'Run/Bionic- Split Cassette (Spirit Family Records)
A split effort featuring Germany's Kick'n'Run and Bionic. Kick'n'Run indulges in some heavy Beefeater/Bad Brains worship with their coarsely recorded heavy duty hard funk. Meanwhile, Bionic favours a looser, more conventional hardcore approach, harkening back to an early Government Issue. A wholly commendable effort, particularly on Kick'n'Run's behalf. (OB)

Free for All- Compilation LP (Hawker Records)
Four Hawker bands—Token Entry, No For An Answer, Rest in Pieces, and Wrecking Crew—recorded live at CBGB's in New York. It sounds like a great idea, but the fact that there is no insert, lame packaging, etc. turns it out to be a drag. Token Entry do a few songs (and plenty of thanking), Wrecking Crew probably have their best sounding offering to date (that's saying a lot), No For An Answer sound like they were recorded in a broom closet, and Rest in Pieces, by far the best here, saves this from being a total loss. (MR)

New Breed- Compilation Cassette (35-18 93rd St./Jackson Heights, New York/11372)
Freddy Alva has brought together twenty of NYC's finest young lions on this admirable effort. Like most cassettes, the production value ranges from excellent to poor. The majority of the material is spirited, basic big city hardcore, but in the end sounds unoriginal. Among the finest are: Absolution, Life'sBlood, the ultra heavy Outburst, Bad Trip, Abombanation's early 7Seconds trip, and the city levelling malevolence of Raw Deal (now Killing Time). Most of the bands are young and will likely develop with time. Included is an extensive lyric booklet, but why did Beyond choose not to give us lyrics, production notes, or even a band photo, but instead show the singer crooning away with the 'Crucial Shnoz', John Porcelly? It looks like a bit of name dropping to me. Nonetheless, it's worth it for the Raw Deal and Absolution alone. (SC)

State of the Union- Compilation LP (Dischord Records)

STATE OF THE UNION
DISCHORD

As a collective effort on behalf of Positive Force D.C. and both Dischord and Sammich Records, State of the Union serves to document and bring light to an unpleasant current world condition (hence the title)—via an imposing and enlightening insert booklet. Equally impressive on an artistic level, of the sixteen contributing acts the best efforts belong to Fidelity Jones, Red Emma, Christ on a Crutch, 3, Kingface, Marginal Man, and Fugazi. Overall, the effort serves to prove the conceivable impact and potential of a well-directed musical medium. Proceeds are to benefit the ACLU and Community for Creative Nonviolence. A highest recommendation, naturally. (OB)

On Garde- Compilation LP (En Garde/Cargo Records)
Compiled by Reargarde, a considerable Montreal-based alternative music tabloid, On Garde features a wide cross-section of the city's underground talent. Of the fourteen acts, among the best are: both Rise and the Asexuals with similar harmonious rock-rooted drives; the indulgent dementia of My Dog Popper's primal "Sex Death", hinting at a less pretentious Buttholes; the frenetic Groovy Aardvark; the countrified Three O'Clock Train; and the grainy punk of the Ripcordz. The remaining outfits hold their own, with the exception of the disappointing Alternative Inuits and particularly S.C.U.M, with its excessive Metallica derivations. On the whole, it's a valid and successful documentation of Montreal's healthy underground music situation. (OB)

Pop Oi!- Compilation LP (Link Records)
Yet another sampler from the lovable Link. Of the fifteen acts featured, only Slaughter and the Dogs, the Madhatters, the Crack, the Resort, and man/piano Frankie Flame (doing Cocksparrer and Business tunes) are likeable and listenable. For unintentional hilarity, check out Brooklyn's hyperintelligent American Eagle. Ha ha ha! (OB)

Skaville USA- Volume 4- Compilation LP (Ska Records)
Well, four volumes under the belt and not a loser yet. Number Four is an enjoyable collection of ska and bluebeat from some of

America's best purveyors of the style. While there are no bad cuts, some do come off as monotonous. But not to worry, the Bosstones, Bim Skala Bim, Gangster Fun, the Now, and the New York Citizens all provide enough fun and vitality to make it a collection all American rudies can be proud of. (SC)

Underground Rockers- Volume 2- Compilation LP (Link Records)
Not a loser to uncover on this collection of promising, yet relatively unknown Anglo acts. Both HDQ and Senseless Things exhibit a strong American influence, particularly the former with its early Dag Nasty/progressive DCHC rush. The Identity roll in the tuneful Ramones school, while the others—the AB's, the Price, Manic Street Preachers, and Suspect Devic—demonstrate homegrown roots in the vein of SLF and the Clash. Solid listening. (OB)

FELLOW PUBLICATIONS

This is in no way complete. Check MRR, Flipside, or Factsheet Five for a proper and exhaustive listing.

Bone Dance- Good humoured coverage of the underground. The latest, number five, covers Das Damen, Dinosaur Jr., Nice Strong Arm, and more.
($1.50 to 630 Stoddard/East Lansing, Michigan/48823)

Bullshit Monthly- A quick and credible overview of the New York City scene. Good.
($0.50 to 175 5th Ave. #2589/New York, New York/10010)

Energy Wasted- A sincere and committed politically-oriented effort featuring Dissent and Lawrence Livermore, along with reviews, opinions, etc.. Put out by an 'anarchist'.
($1 to 6801 Appoline/Dearborn, Michigan/48126)

Flesh Color- Stay away from this Mark McKay freak. Living proof of what too much Coke (Cola) can do to you. Hot.
($1 to PO Box 737 Kendall Square/Cambridge, Massachusetts/02142)

Flipside- At the foundation of the scene. Always coming and everywhere.
($2 to PO Box 363/Whittier, California/90608)

In Memory of...- David 'Attitude Man' Koenig is asking for it...
($1 to 200 E. Price St. #1B/Linden, New Jersey/07036)

Maximum Rock'n'Roll- Always there.
($2.50 to PO Box 288/Berkeley, California/94701)

Motorbooty- Issue four with George Clinton/the Funkadelic fellows, Evel Kneivel, and the priceless "When Good Bands Start to Suck" article among other tastelessly cool tales. Put out by pigs.
($3 to PO Box 7944/Ann Arbor, Michigan/48107)

No Answers- No doubt one of the planet's best hardcore fanzines. Number seven shines with a fine Fugazi interview, a 'tell all' Slapshot gut spiller, Infest, Uniform Choice, Inside Out, opinions, and plenty more. All are lengthy and comprehensive. Excellent.
($2 to PO Box 680/Goleta, California/93116)

The Razor's Edge- Hare Krsna straight-edge fever front to back. Good intentions, but I don't think anybody wants to hear Ray Cappo tell all how-and-why this world turns. It looks like the 'edge' has finally found some sort of justification for its moralistic self-righteousness—they've got God on their side.
($1 to 458 State St. Apt. A/Brooklyn, New York/11217)

Right Trash- Cool stuff with a decent scrappy layout chock full of neat clippings and snippets. As far as bands go, it includes interviews with Fugazi, Token Entry, Nausea, and more. Cool.
($1 to 202-08 48 Ave./Bayside, Queens, New York/11364)

Ska Beat- Fairly good debut focusing on you guessed it, ska. Features Detroit's Gangster Fun, profiles Germany's Skaos, plus reviews, news, and more. Issue two out soon.
($1.50 to 13698 Stoepel/Detroit, Michigan/48238)

SoldOut- Total bullshit wannabe 'pro' crap. Avoid.
($2 to PO Box 7071/Windsor, Ontario/N9C-3Y6)

Suburban Voice- Omnipresent and dependable. Whatever it lacks in terms of eye candy it makes up for in brain food. Issue twenty-seven with Murphy's Law, Ignition, Uniform Choice, and more. Very good.
($2 to Po Box 1605/Lynn, Massachusetts/01903)

This Ain't Big Business- Obviously not, but nonetheless a sincere homespun effort that could take a long lesson in layout and space efficiency. The first issue covers All, Two Car Family, Sewer Trout, and others.
($1 to 9552 Chaumont/Union Lake, Michigan/48085)

Trust- Europe's finest. Number eighteen with So Much Hate, Life...But How to Live It, and plenty more. In German.
($3 to Salzmannstrasse 53/8900 Augsburg/West Germany)

Village Noize- Good reading with a decent cross-section of acts including KRS-One (of BDP), Leeway, White Zombie, Soundgarden, American Standard, BJ Papas, and more. Keep them coming.
($2 to 48-54 213th St./Bayside, New York/11364)

Zap- The consistently great German hardcore/punk monthly hits the stands once again. The latest focuses upon Bullet LaVolta, Inner Strength, Hell's Kitchen, and plenty more. Check it out.
($3 to Postfach 403/3000 Hannover 1/West Germany)

BOOK(S)

Both books are available from Amok Press (PO Box 51/Cooper Station/New York, New York/10276) or could probably be found in adventurous bookshops everywhere.

Apocalypse Culture- Edited by Adam Parfrey

APOCALYPSE CULTURE
EXXON
EDITED BY ADAM PARFREY
COVER PAINTING BY JOE COLEMAN

"There is nothing more terrifying than stupidity"- Werner Herzog

Through an expansive assortment of articles and essays, Apocalypse Culture uncovers a freak reality—a world where ultimately nothing is sacred—and serves to document this modern humanistic culture's decline and decomposition.

For example, consider the following items: both "Alchemical Conspiracy and the Death of the West" and "King Kill/33°" convincingly link Masonic symbolism to the first manned moon mission, the first atomic bomb blast, and JFK's assassination; telling interviews with noted body piercer and suspension artist Fakir Musafar, the "Unrepentant Necrophile" Karen Greenlee, and the sincerely troubled Peter Sotos; "Art in the Dark"'s profile of a 'new', liberated, and transcendent art; "The Theology of Nuclear War" and its expose of dispensationalists (Falwell, Reagan, etc.) and their drive for Armageddon and prophetical fulfillment (also well outlined in the seventy-fifth issue of Maximum Rock'n'Roll); and a number of editor Adam Parfrey's essays, including "Eugenics: The Orphaned Science", "Aesthetic Terrorism", and the outlandish "From the Mark of the Beast to the Black Messiah Phenomenon: The Chronicles of Ron J. Steele, Investigative Reporter and Prophetic Author", proving (quite convincingly) Michael Jackson to be the Son of Perdition (?!).

Divided into four sections—Apocalypse Theologies, Art, Science, and Politics—the startling, however wholly credible insights are accompanied by a number of revolting, but fascinating illustrations and graphics, in addition to artist Joe Coleman's stirring jacket work.

On the whole, Apocalypse Culture provides an illuminating and intriguing side-show survey of an unbalanced, yet unbelievably real world. Highly recommended. (OB)

Grand Guignol- Theater of Fear and Terror- by Mel Gordon

Between the years of 1897 and 1962, Parisians of all walks of life experienced the darkest and most taboo of all human experiences through a concept in theater known as Grand Guignol. It was a theater grounded in horror, shock, mutilation, and repulsion. To no one's surprise, most theatrical scholars have chosen to ignore it, and instead consider it an aberration in theatrical history. Its influence, especially on horror films, is unquestionable. Grand Guignol was that ugly mirror of reality which most people refuse to look at. It showed the dark and brutal side of the most dangerous animal—man.

Theatrical professor and critic Mel Gordon has done the admirable task of documenting the history of this landmark group. In his 188 page book, he offers a history, some theatrical techniques, a complete synopsis of every Grand Guignol production, and even full scripts for two plays.

In all, and excellent guide for all those prepared to enjoy the dark side of the stage. (SC)

Next Issue: Amok's The Manson File and Re/Search's Modern Primitives

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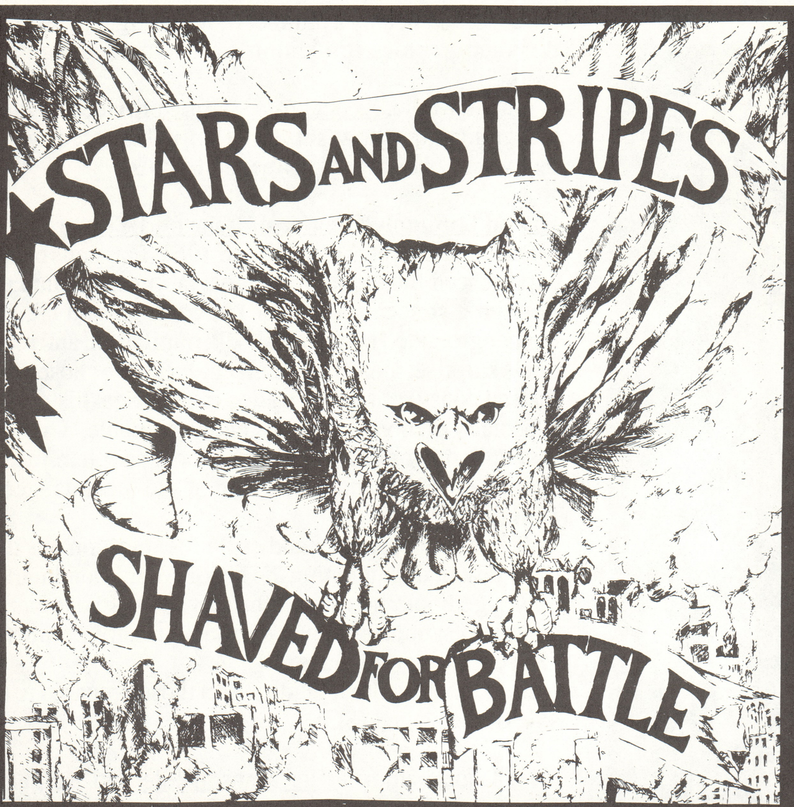
('Middle Class Hero' gibberish continued)

- All of you screaming that "it's a government for the rich", as far as the Ollie North trial goes, should grow up. The only reason that North isn't sitting in the joint is because a pissed off Marine in jail is liable to snap and narc on all of his White House pals, including Ron. Face it, North is a powderkeg that the government wants to keep from exploding.
- Can you believe that Napalm Death are as big as they are?
- Sorry to hear of the passing away of Mike Harrington, founder and co-chairman of the Democratic Socialists of America. Although he is not with us in the physical form, I'm sure he'll have a nice day in heaven once Democratic socialism takes a hold of the USA and Canada (courtesy of the NDP). The Reagan revolution is running dry and a change is near. Socialism is the future.
- Professor Griff should have never been a part of the revamped Public Enemy. Chuck D. is an ass for letting that racist back into the fold. Even worse is that Griff is now 'Director of Community Relations' or something like that. In essence, instead of talking to white newspapers, Griff will be spreading his swill to African-American youth groups. All respect has been lost for them.
- The advent of the hockey season can only mean one thing—Don Cherry is back!
- Leeway are god and Jackson (Michael?- ed) in 1992.

Stefan

(Kick his ass Mike Bullshit- ed)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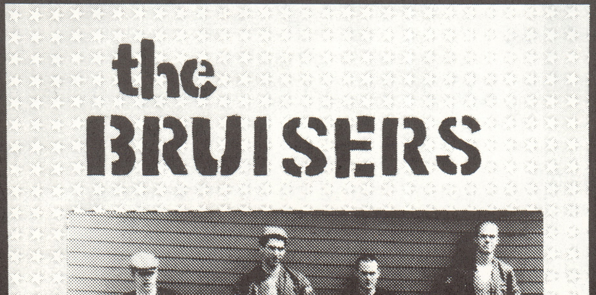
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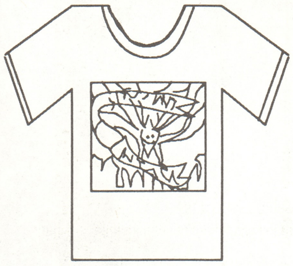

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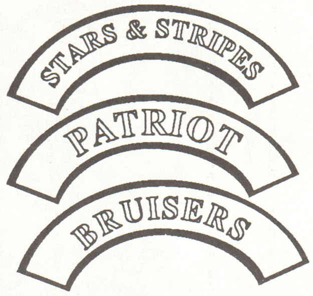
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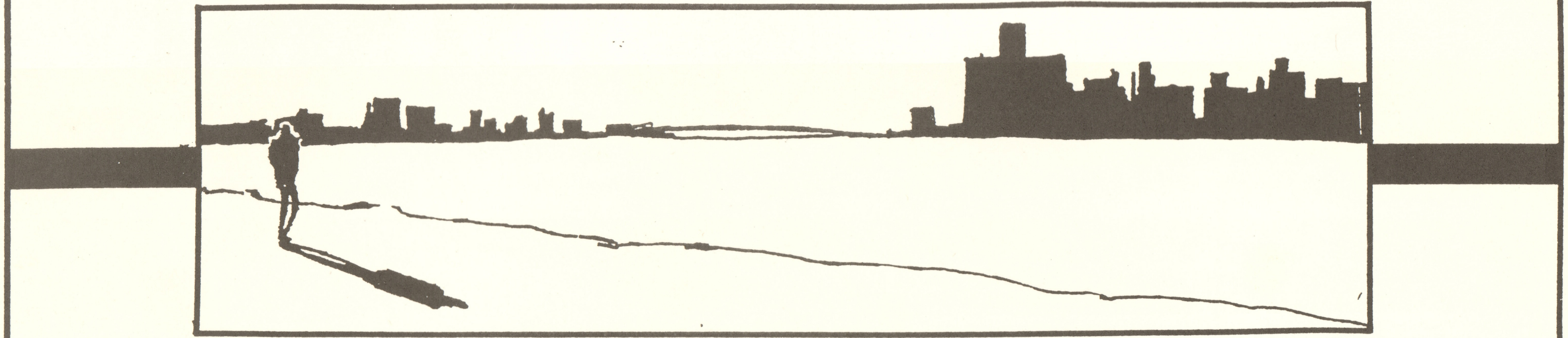

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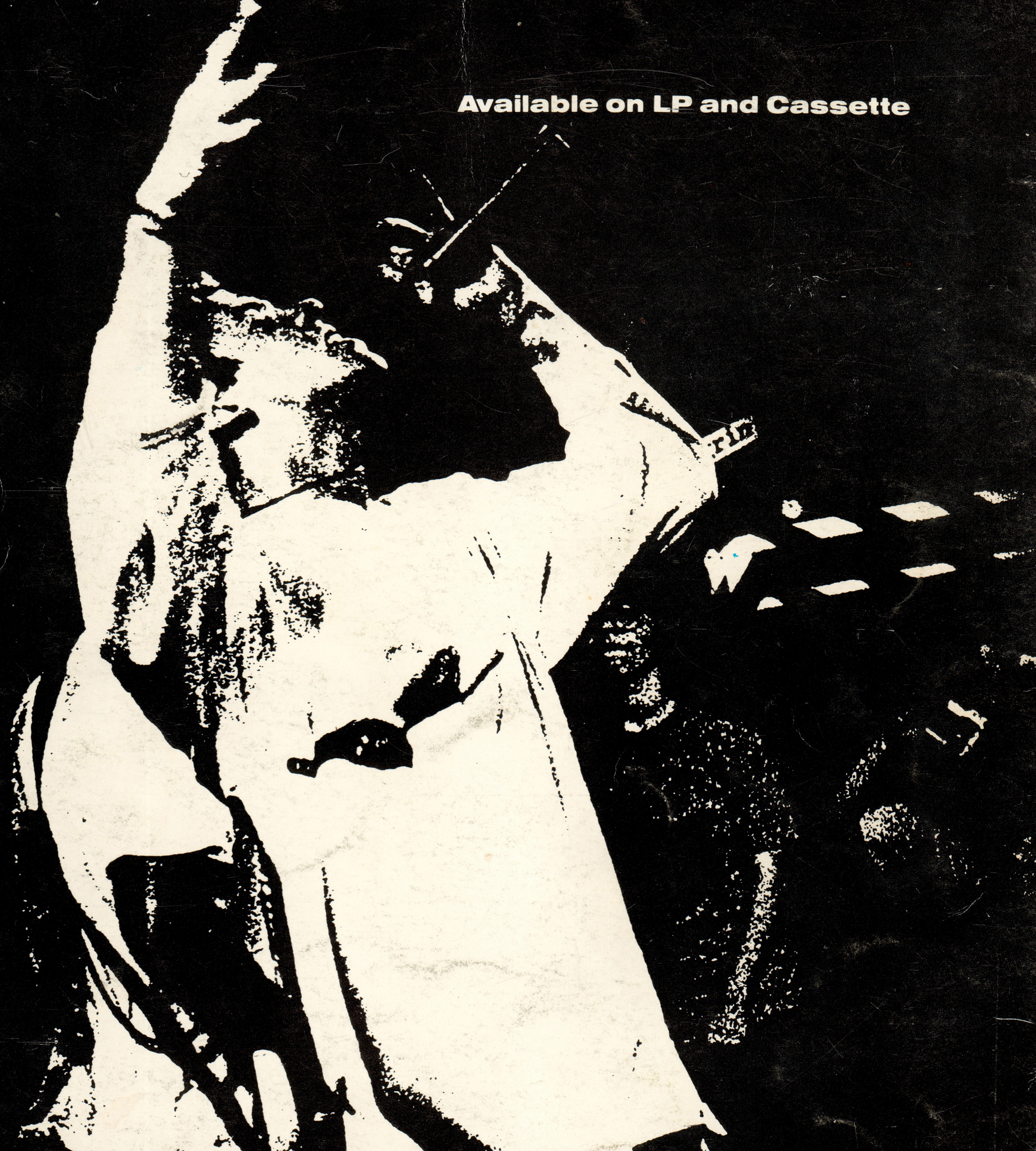

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